

**WATERGATE EXCLUSIVE: A CANADIAN'S INSIDE STORY**

DECEMBER 1973

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



50¢

# Macleans

The Vaniers as the saints of Trosly-Breuil  
John Allan Cameron & the Cape Breton Sound  
Is your local WASP an endangered species?



How Alan Eagleson plays Santa Claus

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# The good times taste



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## Maclean's

DECEMBER 1973

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Cover illustration by Tony Kane  
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### INSIDE MACLEAN'S

If you tell people the closest Canadian to the Watergate crisis was a 21-year-old student with one year of law school to his credit whose only other claim to fame was that he was the youngest delegate to the 1967 Conservative leadership convention, there are bound to be questions raised as to his credibility. We had them, too, but they began to evaporate from the moment the operator at Select Committee headquarters in Washington picked up the phone. "You're calling James Cairns Leopold, right? Then you must know Stephen Leopold. A real sweetheart, cool and fun and fun. Just a moment and I'll switch you."

Once you talk to Barry Schochet, assistant counsel to the hearings, you have to accept that Stephen Leopold did indeed play a significant role in cancelling America's great tragedy. "Much of the evidence so far introduced was due to Stephen's perceptive mind," says Schochet, "and even after two months he remains as solid as a rock." Stephen had no issue (aside from finding the really interesting documents). He was also the only staff member who was given an official going-away party.

The people around the committee soon referred to Stephen always as "the Mad Cowboy." A real simple fact: Stephen was invited to the committee by his office, a pioneer of a kind of topic was taped above his desk producing "It's an Assumption to be a Canadian", and he kept showing up for afternoon breakfast parties spending a Montreal Canadian's money. When he worked, though, he was serious, as Schochet verifies, and by September Leopold had digested evidence from close to 100,000 documents. "What will be missed eventually I can't tell," he says. "But I'm convinced I will always know certain things about Watergate the public will never be told."



When he left to resume second-year law studies back home in Montreal, Stephen Leopold brought many stories back with him, some of which we shared on page 19, and some of which have a more personal meaning, like the party on the final night. The staff had made a banquet for him, CHUCK (so ironic a nod, and in small print in the bottom, in the language Sam Ervin's mother had unwittingly thought him, they had added Y'ALL COME BACK HERE.



**Rhonda, 1958.  
Mrs. Malomet got her  
Maytag Washer just before  
she was born.**

## Rhonda & Maytag, 1973. Both 15, both going strong.

Her Maytag started out washing Rhonda's diapers, writes Mrs. Diana Malomet, Ottawa, Ontario.

Fifteen years later, that same Maytag Washer is doing Rhonda's dresses, blouses, slaps, sweaters, and everything else for a family of five.

When the children were younger, her Maytag used to do 12 loads a week, according to Mrs. Malomet, and it's still washing at least 8. Yet it has needed only a few repairs.

Mrs. Malomet also has a Maytag Dryer, and its performance has proved to be dependable. "Maytag has served us well and we do not hesitate to recommend it to our friends," she says.

Naturally, we don't say all Maytags will equal the record Mrs. Malomet reports. But dependable is what we try to build into every Maytag Washer and Dryer.



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**MAYTAG**  
THE DEPENDABILITY PEOPLE  
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## The peril of misreading Quebec's vote

MONTREAL — The one thing that politicians can't stand is silence. In Quebec, during the two weeks before last month's election, the mood of most voters seemed to be an icy calm, the temper of a people preparing to make a solemn and vital decision. No one could be certain whether that one-third of the election who remained undecided would jump aboard Robert Bourassa's federalist handwagon or join René Lévesque's crusade for Quebec independence. On election day itself, standing outside a polling booth in the east end of Montreal, I spotted a grandmother teaching her grandson as she went in to cast her ballot. A delicately shaped young girl, her jeans so tight you could almost read the dates on the cover of her pockets, marched in, her face drawn as if she were performing the most important rite of her young life. Late in the day, when I went into a politician's shop to buy a newspaper, the owner stood up, abruptly looked at his watch, said: "I have to go and vote now," then walked out right past me to complete his mission.

It was a serious election and its outcome deserves to be interpreted with a verdict more subtle than a figurative rubbing of hands by English Canada over the defeat of René Lévesque's dreams of independence. While the October 29 contest turned into a form of referendum overwhelmingly won by Robert Bourassa's federalists, this was no victory for the status quo. The Liberal mandate was for what Bourassa kept referring to as *le fédéralisme révisé*, which roughly translated means a brand of "realistic" Quebec federalism based on ever increasing inputs of funds from Ottawa.

The most striking English Canada could make would be to assume that this temporary setback for separatism has much to do with the still militant state of Quebec nationalism. Quebec nationalism remains solidly founded on a particular set of cultural values that French-speaking Quebecers are determined to defend. It is in the economic realities of Quebec that much more progress will have to be made if, over the next decade, separatism is to remain a minority sentiment. Every study of the province's business structure clearly demonstrates that its economy operates heavily in favor of the English. Only 22% of the province's manufacturing industry is under French control, for example, with the majority of the really large concerns owned by foreign investors, mostly in the U.S. Quebec has consistently had a unemployment rate 25% to 30% higher than the Canadian average, four out of 10 of the province's unemployed are under 25 years old.

André Larivière, Claude Ryan's Quebec predecessor as editor of *Le Devoir*, listed at one solution for the province's dilemma by examining the common concerns that bind Canadians together. "If as a people we feel in mortal peril," he wrote, "that doesn't come from being a minority within Canada. The danger comes from the presence beside us of the United States — a culture which surrounds us, leans on us, suffocates us, and is embodied in a people who are numerous and rich. . . . It so happens that Anglo-Canadians are caught up in this game too, and that they risk losing their existence as Canadians even more than we do. In this respect they are allies, not out of the goodness of their hearts, nor because of a love of French culture, but because geography and political animosities draw us together."

This assessment is particularly relevant, since those of us in English Canada who feel the same way have in recent years made the sad discovery that, even though we live in a country with its own borders, flags and all of the other trappings of nationhood, none of these things have produced cultural, political or economic independence. It may be too much to hope that from now on both French and English Canada may opt for a brand new federalism based on our common longing for joint independence.

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## The falling out at the end of an affair

The federal NDP faces a problem common to most opposition parties: market, executives and referees — credibility. For nearly a year now the party has been riding along a tightrope, trying, on the one hand, to earn credit for legislation passed by the Liberals with NDP support and, on the other, to maintain that it is still the real opposition to the government. It's hard to stomp your feet on a tightrope, but that's what the party is up to and the rest of us have been watching the spectacle of David Lewis floundering his way as Prime Minister Trudeau and stepping him on the back simultaneously.

Lewis is profoundly uneasy in this role, not so much because of public reaction — his own reports that most of the letter criticism has not brought down the wicked Gyn come from Tory supporters, and the NDP has actually edged up in the Gallup Poll — as because of what the retreat from party and divides his view to the party's internal workings. "We have become running dogs of the Liberals," one western NDP official complained to me. "Now the hell can we expect to the nation what they're doing, when I can't even explain it to my wife?"

It is in this sense of unease, rather than any carefully worked-out strategy, that explains the party's new aggressiveness, and will soon lead to a series of votes designed to put some distance between the NDP and the Liberals, even if an election results forcing both found listening in the neighborhood of a breath, the NDP is about to launch a crusade for ideas left.

The party has worked out a defense to the charge that it has forgotten its principles to avoid an election. It was put to me by Terry Green, MP for Toronto Lakeshore (and, incidentally, one of the oldest of the new MPs). "It's a fact that we have voted with the government, but we've voted against it, too. The difference between us and the Conservatives is that they vote with the Liberals on matters of policy, because they think so much alike, and against them on non-confidence motions, because they're power hungry. We decide how to vote on

the basis of the issue. For instance, we voted against the government on three key bills — the tax cut-off, the Olympics and the railway strike settlement — and every time the Tories sided with the Liberals."

Well, it's a theory. To test it, I examined each of the 40 divisions — formal roll-call votes — that took place in the first nine months of the 29th Parliament. There were two free votes — in the Criminal Code amendment affecting abortion and capital punishment — and 38 party votes. In those, the NDP voted with the government 23 times and against it nine times; the Tories voted with the Liberals 13 times and against 25; the Liberals voted with the Liberals 26 times and against 12. Of the 25 Tory anti-government votes, 16 were on straight non-confidence votes (a vote to cut the Solicitor General's estimate, for example, must surely be an attack on law enforcement, it was the Tory way of saying, "Gee, you boys"), while one could be called issues of substance.

For their part, the nine NDP anti-government votes all concerned legal matters, from marriage licensing to corporate taxes, but its 29 pro-government votes included some — in support of the main budget provisions, for example — that you won't find in any socialist handbook.

In theory, if the NDP has embraced high principle and the Tories low expediency, you can't prove it by their voting records.

No one is more aware of the danger of cheating the party workers who believe (in opposition to those who merely believe) than David Lewis, and that is why, at the party's national conference in Vancouver last summer, he promised a tough new approach, and announced a special caucus of NDP MPs, which he was sure would back him in what amounted to an ultimatum to the Liberals to produce better legislation or face defeat. Federal NDP secretary Cliff Scottin warned Lewis against the tough approach, because he knew the caucus would not buy it, but Scottin lost the argument. He was right, when the MPs refused in Ottawa, Member after Member rose to report that he could detect no blood on the hands, and Lewis, who looked on proudly and didn't speak until last, had to climb down off his election throne, looking foolish.

Now we have entered a new phase. A great deal of legislation has been passed — higher pensions, higher income tax exemptions, a transfer scheme on foreign ownership, a new housing bill — for which the NDP



David Lewis must adopt a new, tougher image

can claim credit (the Liberals say, of course, that these measures would have been brought forward without NDP support), but that claim will appeal only to the ideologically conscious. There are still some matters on the order paper — a new electoral expenses bill and a strengthened foreign ownership bill are the most important of these — which the party considers essential. But once these are out of the way, the NDP will have to revise its priorities, voting against the government only when it will be the only way to show that the Tories haven't taken over all the functions of opposition.

An election could be delayed. It is perfectly possible for enough Conservatives to stay out of the House on crucial votes to keep the government in power (the Liberals and Liberals must 124 votes, the Tories and NDP 138; if as few as 15 Conservatives stay home, the government can win a vote. And the Tories are divided into more parts than a cracked Gyn). That could happen once or twice, but no more, this party discipline would come to bear on the motion.

Before long, therefore, the NDP will begin voting consistently against the government, and soon after that, even if the Prime Minister doesn't call an election, he will probably have one thrust upon him.

### PARADE

Pierre Trudeau has often been accused of scintillas with the voting public but it's doubtful that he's gone as far as the *Albuquerque News*, a weekly newspaper in Santa Fe, New Mexico, seemed in a recent issue.

When Emma Louisa Anderson celebrated her 182nd birthday in Sep-

# make it with Gilbey's the tall 'n frosty one





## We want you to have a happy holiday!

The train stops. Happy faces appear at the exits, searching for family and friends on the platform. The porter unloads baggage and extends a helping hand. People hurry to touch each other, children, parents, grandparents separated by months and by miles are together again. Home for the holidays!

For generations, this scene has been repeated in the stations of

Canada National.

But bringing people home is not the only activity of CN all year and holiday time. For months, our freight cars have been moving the goods that help make up the Christmas tradition: from toboggans to plum puddings. Up from the woodlands have come the Christmas trees. Out from the urban factories have gone the toys and games and dolls. On city

streets, the familiar red CN Express trucks hurry from door to door.

Meanwhile, CN Hotels in 9 cities are housing guests from out of town, creating their own special festive atmosphere for holidayers away from home.

CN Telecommunications lines are humming with greetings from one end of the country to the other. And in the Northwest Territories and in

most of Newfoundland, people are communicating with their loved ones over vast distances through the telephone system CN provides.

This time of the year, we're busier than ever. And sometimes weather conditions make our job especially difficult. But some 80,000 CN people are giving it all they've got. Because we want you to have a happy holiday.



We want you to know more about us.



## The Best of Everything from Hiram Walker.

Sure you can please all of the people all of the time.

leader, the *Allegany News*, ran a two-column picture of Miss Anderson and a brief account of the family reunion marking the occasion. "Among her many congratulations that is incorrect," said the *News*, "was a phrase from Prime Minister Trudeau."

CHRISTMAS / GWYN PRUDEN

## Alone together for Christmas in Drybones

Not all Canadians celebrate the Christmas season in a frenzied chase between several department stores, crowded cocktail parties and chaotic airport terminals. Gwyn Pruden, her husband, Don, and their children, Bruce and Debra, lived in Yellowknife for five years and in this letter we present the tale of a memorable Christmas in the north.

In order to tell you about our Christmas and New Year this year, we'll have to go back to the beginning of last May, when we suddenly decided that we should build a cabin. Ordinarily we wouldn't have considered a cabin, as we all enjoy hunting so much, particularly in the summer; and also, around Yellowknife, cabins are usually built either within driving distance or else on one of the smaller lakes, accessible by small boat. But, of course, leads to loneliness there, which we consider worse than boredom of companionship.

Well, we changed our minds. We felt that a cabin would be nice in the winter on the weekends when the days are short. We could leave on Friday night as we wouldn't have to put up camp in the dark, the cabin would be there. Also, we planned to build it somewhere on Great Slave Lake — far enough away that visitors would be discouraged.

By the time the decision was made, breakfast was almost upon us, so Don and Brian had to make a hurried trip to collect the site and start the layout. They finally decided on a site in Drybones Bay, 38 miles from Yellowknife, at the end of a deep, sheltered bay (deep enough for our big boat, when we build that), with steep rocks behind — from a lookout point we can look out over the lake — and trees and bush beside and behind. Working against time, they managed to build, by unworkable and komatiks, enough logs for a start on the cabin.

Once summer arrived, we started. Our best made numerous trips loaded with lumber, roofing paper, insulation (or, vermin), etc. It didn't actually take too long, but the work was arduous and the weekenders and a few days of Don's annual leave.

Anyway, we finally got it finished — well, not really finished, as we are going to build a second veranda, walk-way, dock structure, etc. — but the main work is done, and the cabin is cozy and warm.

The was all a preamble to telling you about our Christmas Day. We decided it would be fun to have a real wilderness Christmas this year, so the week before Christmas we packed up all our gear, all the gifts, Christmas tree decorations, and the food for Christmas dinner (packed in our insulated food chest and kept warm during the trip with a hot water bottle), and on the morning of the twenty-fourth we set out with our two Snow Crafter and the two komatiks loaded to the hilt. The temperature was 35 below with the wind in our faces at four miles per hour. With the speed of traveling this meant only a wind chill factor! It was a lovely day, clear and cold and sparkling. We stopped often to drink each other for freezing (Don from his face and from his coat) and to jump around and warm up. We traveled right on the lake, but we had islands most of the way to give us some shelter.

We always breathe a sigh of relief when we round the corner of our bay and see the cabin all safe and sound. It was a truly welcome sight that day, and we lost no time in parking in and starting a roaring fire. The remainder of the day was spent in putting up the tree, decorating it and getting everything unpacked.

Christmas Day dawned cold and clear. We were up early (6 a.m.), ritually to light the fire. The cabin was soon warm and comfortable — in fact we often had the door open to cool off. We opened our gifts and had breakfast. It was the loveliest of Christmas mornings.

I made the dressing and put the turkey and two railbirds into the oven while Don and Brian went out for wood, set a few rabbit snares and pulled in the fish net — they yielded several nice whitefish. The net was set up the bay in front of the cabin. It is not the place for commercial fishing, but it yields a nice catch for us. In fact, we took a 55-pound trout two days ago!

We were worried that the birds wouldn't cook too well in our oven — we just have a small straight type stove with four lids and a small oven.

It seemed that the oven would be too hot or too cold, or cook the meat on one side only. However, the turkey was beautifully browned and done to a turn. We had all the trimmings and even a delicious and crumbly on our homemade table.

We were out until Tuesday and we spent most of the time exploring. We went almost down the bottom of Drybones Bay and made trails through the bush. We find we are in a remarkably rich game area — moose and caribou, wolf, fox, rabbits, lynx, ptarmigan, snow owls and white and red fox (the latter sight around our cabin — they close up the garbage). We couldn't have a better spot.

The Yekes are planning on building a cabin 10 miles west of us (toward Yellowknife). They came out to their site on Sunday and on to our cabin Monday morning. We spent the day exploring, and they stayed the night. Tuesday we all went to their site when they had their test probed. Don helped them get organized for logging (Tom doesn't have much experience). Then Tom's bad luck broke down — today when we were there. We loaded his Skidoo on Tom's komatik, which was pulled by Brian, then Don pulled our two komatiks with the load on one, and Lynn, Debra and me on the other. Don led the way and Brian pushed from behind when he could, so we made quite a convoluted! The weather had turned worse so we had a good trip into Yellowknife.

Back to work for these days, five all right on Friday night — a clear, snowy night, bright moon and clear your watch — and one of the most pleasant rides we ever had. The wind was at our backs, and we were warm and comfortable. It is impossible to describe the beauty of that night.

Now it is Sunday night and we go



Carrying Christmas into the wilderness.

back tomorrow, with no more long weekends until Easter. We will be coming out often, however.

For the New Year, say we wish for you what seems to us the best wish of all — the wind always at your back, and the whole wilderness before you.

Dore, Gern, Brian and Debra Fadden

#### SPORTS / HARRY BRUCE

## Now there's a brawn drain in Nova Scotia

Early this morning three bloody prize-fights suddenly raised the intriguing possibility that, by this time next year, two men born in Nova Scotia, a province of only 790,000 people, would be world titleholders and that a third would be right up there among the top 10 in the increasingly competitive middleweight division. Nova Scotia is known, of course, for stopping losses (but it has also been seeing some accomplished brawnism in the boxing rings of the outside world for at least 75 years, and now, once again, it's beginning to look like one of those hot, untold, underprivileged Latin or Asian countries that periodically pop up to surprise everyone with their dominance over the lighter divisions of world boxing.

Here's what happened in September, and the Nova Scotia boys who made it happen:

Chico Gray, 37, who was born near Windsor, NS, and fought out of Toronto now, lost a unanimous decision to the world champion (down over 147 pounds) champion, Jose Napoles of Mexico City, however, lost with style. *The Ring* magazine declared Napoles to be the best fighter, pound for pound, anywhere in the world, and Gray fought against him so well that his chances of taking the title after Napoles moves up to the middleweight (not over 160 pounds) division are better than good. (Carlos Monzon of Argentina, the middleweight champ, plans to fight Napoles in March in his last bout before going into retirement.)

In 42 professional fights, Gray had lost only twice before once to Armando Maestri and once to former lightweight champion Eddie Perkins. The September official world ratings of *The Ring* magazine ranked Gray second among welterweights, with

only Napoles ahead of him. Gray's toughest goals for the title may turn out to be Holgerman Lova of Detroit and Angel Espada of Puerto Rico. Gray's fans think he'd look good against either of them. He's a very clever fighter.

Art Haley, 35, a blond, chunky, nice-looking little guy from Sullivan, NS, knocked out Robin Olivares of Mexico in Mexico City, and Olivares, the former bantamweight (not over 118 pounds) champ, was by then a top-ranked lightweight (not over 135 pounds). The word from *The Ring* was that the victory would jump Haley right to the top of the world (lightweight) rankings.

During the past five years, Haley has won 32 fights, lost four and earned draws in five. What these figures do not reveal, however, is that he's been seasonally busy and seasonally successful: in the past 18 months he lost a 12-rounder in Mexico early in '72 but, since then, fighting mostly in Southern California, he's won 18 fights in a row. Moreover, he usually wins by a knockout. Haley has a brother, Lawrence, who's one of Canada's best welterweights. Barry Swagwell, a another notable Canadian featherweight and another fighting product of Prince County, NS, but he's not as good as Art Haley, who has been in nine world title bouts since October.

Dave Dowsey, 30, of Halifax, the Canadian middleweight champion for most of the past seven years, went to New York to train for a while last August and returned in late September to surprise a unanimous 12-round unanimous on Gary Broughton of Bradford, Ontario. Broughton had knocked Dowsey out once before and thereby takes the Canadian title from him for a few months, and since Dowsey's surprising comeback he has inspired him to avoid fights from time to time even to a bit of Halifax fight fans were hoping Broughton would lay him out again. No such luck. Dowsey put on so witty a display of offensive boxing that a lot of us

thought one page who gave Broughton over three rounds out of the 12 was being awfully generous to the Upper Canadian.

The one thing nobody could figure out was Broughton's ability to stay on his feet and, since Dowsey presented his poor bloody face so often, this trend evoked doubts about the stiffness of the Dowsey punch. Still, the fight not only earned a fair bit of Dowsey's local popularity, it raised the curiosity that, if he wants them, he'll land some pretty fair fights this winter.

In amateur fight circles, there was yet another Nova Scotian who was doing very well for himself. This was heavyweight Cornell McGee, 34, who was brought up on Cape Breton Island, now teaches school in Halifax, weighs 208 pounds and may have found as a child that, with a name like Cornell, it's important to develop a few striking punches.

Canadians who watched the Olympic fights from Moscow may remember McGee as the big white fellow who was no match but certainly participated in a couple of the most memorable battles in the history of televised amateur sport. Cornell fought as though ducking punches is a waste of the valuable time he needs to paste the other guy in the mesh.

Last year in Charleston he attacked his amateur Canadian heavyweight championship with a first-round knockout and, three days after that, he went to New York to win the North American amateur title. Again, in an odd twist, in New York, the story goes, he gave his opponent a nasty nose bleed—with a punch not to the nose but, rather, to the ribs — and lost him out with his next knock. McGee will be representing Canada at the upcoming Commonwealth Games in New Zealand and, if he learns to avoid punches half as well as he throws them, might just join the pro fighters in bringing big honor to the flag. The flag of Nova Scotia, of course.



Tough Chico Gray has punched himself into second place among world welterweights.

# IF YOU'RE THINKING OF BUYING A SMALL CAR, MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT KIND OF GAS MILEAGE YOU CAN EXPECT.

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14. RENAULT 17.....	29.274 MPG
15. SUBARU 4-DOOR SEDAN.....	26.215 MPG

\*Based on U.S. cities.

A few months ago, Motor Trend magazine conducted a gas mileage test.

The way to find out exactly how economical economy cars really are.

And they did.

Of the fifteen small cars that took part in the test, the Fiat 128 four-door sedan came out first with 41.820 miles per gallon.

In fact, the 128's gasoline operating cost per mile was a miserly 1.41 cents. So close to a penny a mile that even

the people from Motor Trend were amazed.

If you're concerned about the gas crisis, you really owe it to yourself to check out the

mileage results above.

Because most car makers will probably continue to talk about miles per gallon

Not about how far down the list they finished.



**FIAT**

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## High road lessons

After reading Hugh MacLennan's *Scotland's fate*, Gordon's *Islands* (October), it is abundantly clear that there are insufficient numbers of Canadians who have the backbone to say, "I love this country and it will remain mine."

Canadians suffer from an inferiority complex which our leaders haven't the courage to overcome. They have grown up in prosperity at the price of our own pride (past is Scotland).

The major loss of control of our own destiny has been during periods of Liberal administration ever since Confederation and the "great defeat" during the St. Laurent dynasty, but we don't have the backbone to change that, do we?

G. B. WOODS, BIRMINGHAM, BC

I know very well what Hugh MacLennan is talking about when he describes the emigrants from Scotland, as I have intensely seen it happen. My father and his two brothers came from a small village in one of the highland glens, his parents self-cowed and hard work sending all of them to university to become doctors. Not one of them stayed in Scotland.

They were proud of being Scots; they believed they had done well by making good things elsewhere. They loved to go back for holidays but had not the slightest desire or intention to stay in Scotland. Yet they would have been horrified to be classed as selfish or deserters of their native land.

RAY M. MACLENNAN,  
DUNDEE, ALTA.

According to Hugh MacLennan in his article on what we could learn from Scotland, Quebec voted overwhelmingly for Confederation in 1973. Que-

bec some Liberal MPs he mean that those who voted for Stanfield or Chouinette were against Confederation? This was not the issue and there was no way independentism could express their choice. This will be decided in a provincial election.

If Canada is Scotland to the U.S., is Quebec the Scotland of Canada? This is what we want to avoid at all costs. This is why we Quebecers out of three, and three fraps out of eight vote for the Parti Québécois.

GERARD ARSENAULT, MONTREAL

## Questions of balance

I am a teenager from Vernon, Manitoba, and I read Maggie Siggins article *Sunshine, myra and a shame snow* (October). The lines "... and when Miss Bury Suite (36-25-36) took the air followed images from Nipote, Manitoba..." offended me and other teenagers here very much. We don't consider any of our friends any more "awkward" than girls from Brandon, Winnipeg, Vancouver, or even Toronto! I am sure that if you took a percentage of "awkward" girls from other places you would find that we had no more "awkward" girls than any other place.

TERRY LYNN COLL, VERNON, MAN.

After reading the article by Maggie Siggins on nude contestants and looking at the pictures of Dee Dee Niles, there just isn't any other way to judge any beauty queen.

JONAS CLARKE, NEVILLE, SASK.

Having watched the female population of Vernon, Manitoba, grow and mature through school, Brownies, Sunday School, 4-H clubs, Girl Guides, sports, picnics, dances and music festivals, going steady, becoming engaged, moving to the city, coming back home, and finally be-

coming out "going steady" or successful career women — I have yet to see one to whom I would apply your Maggie Siggins' adjective "awkward."

DAVID M. HEDGON, VERNON, MAN.

## Big, Bigger, best

You have heard of the "education of the West?" Examination in English and all that involved from the east crossing the prairies at night if possible because there is "nothing" there, images of westerners as ticks in the stock, lack of any recognition of any contribution made by the West to Canada's economy and culture?

We endured the caricatures of us created by Joke *And The Kid* because there was humor and imagination in it, but if the excerpt from *Great River* (October) is any indicator of Heather Robertson's book, we reject. This is too much!

I hold no brief for Bigger in particular but I would like to strike a small blow for the grass roots. Ms. Robertson has a lot of nerve telling her book that, for she got nowhere near the roots, grass or whatever. (Maybe another kind of grass was meant.) She looked at Bigger and found it small, run-down and dull. The people she found old, or at best, middle-aged, shabby and dull, uneducated, usually busy, or slightly daff. She found no 4-H clubs, no drama clubs, book clubs or libraries, no worthwhile discussion groups, no music, no dancing, no "nothing."

Ms. Robertson has a little pee but it has a nasty, negative point. She does make a very slight bow to a "real and outrageous Canadian culture," but if she has ever written anything to further the cause, I missed it. She keeps about being born in Winnipeg and sleeping there. Well, good for her, but for us the East begins at Winnipeg.

MARGARET MAHON, BRANDON, MAN.

If the citizens of Bigger take Heather Robertson's article as their town lying down, they are Bigger men than she makes them out to be.

I take offense at Ms. Robertson's description of *Karamazov's Day* in Bigger. Surely all the veterans of Bigger don't have to do their rebirth on with strap. Has no one anywhere to wear except long, slippery towel overalls? Are the veterans all worried or are some of them in the

continued on page 16

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prize of life, as they are in our town! Perhaps as they tramp through the drizzle, they are thinking of Tyron, the Somali, Norwegian or Iraqi.

I would suggest that the step and think. These 12 men died so that the Member Robertsons of this had could be free to write articles about them.

R. MILLERWILL,  
KANSASVILLE, MO., 1991

## West Wind blows

I am writing in regard to an article written by Ray MacGrigor, entitled *The great Cooze Lake mystery* in the September issue. I feel that MacGrigor's comments in the opening paragraphs about the towns of Whitney are in very poor taste. To anyone who has not been to Whitney he gives the impression of it being a bleak, backward village inhabited only by those "unfortunate" enough to have been born there, but at the same time lucky not to have yet been killed in a super-targeted car.

I know that I am not alone in my thoughts of this article, and I strongly feel that MacGrigor owes the people of Whitney an apology for his scathing words about our town.

SANDY JEFFERY, WHITNEY, COY

Ray MacGrigor wrote well the legend of Cooze Lake in the September issue. Death is often times an affair of shadows — which may explain his faint regard for Dr. Noble Sharpe.

Dr. Sharpe's work and studies of that rarely disturbed skeleton from Cooze Lake were painstaking. He knew that a next, half-inch diameter circular hole in the skull could not have been caused by a modern bullet nor yet by pathological process. He also knew that bullets never pop. They smash. He knew that when bullets exit from a skull they do not remove teeth as easily does mine. He also knew how to use a telescope as well as the fact that skeletons never drink as they rest in their graves.

Looking over my shoulder are the two photographs that I made of that suspected skull for Noble Sharpe. I write from factual knowledge, not conjecture. I write this letter because I believe that doctors ought not to omit when truth is known.

That the skull is not that of Tom Thomsen need not lessen the mystery of his death. Most of what is known today of that event comes from the accounts of people. It is well known that some memories fade as you obtain them. For some people certain memories remain forever, like shadows flickering across the mind. Seize-

continued on page 17

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times a shadow, perhaps born of grief, it cast no dark wings as to cause mortal fear of night without.

Tom Thomson died. Fast. He was not shot. Fast. Whether he fell or was pushed into the lake is never going to be known. It has always been obvious who pushed him. If he was pushed.

JOYNTON J. TACKLARD,  
FORENSIC TOXICOLOGIST, BARRE, ONT.

### Just take it easy!

John Halstead article. Now no active middle age is undoubtedly well intentioned, but it is nevertheless a bit on the cautious side, to say nothing of its incoherence. We all know hundreds of old people who have "survived" middle age who never in their life thought of exercising and vice versa—over they walked. There is positively no evidence that there is a correlation between exercise and longevity.

RONALD W. DORRICK, BALFORS

### Right on, by gosh

As a first-time reader of your magazine, I must write my comments on your fantastic article *Ry pack, the price is right and of style*, by Graham Gray (October).

All the stores listed showed an increase in their profits except Loblaws, which—dunkly—I find very hard to believe. As a wife and mother who cooks from "scratch" to stretch the food budget, my only regret is that we don't live in an area where there are any Loblaws stores.

DELEEN WARDLEIGH, MONTREAL

### Fussy about futures

I congratulate you on Donald Craig's *Is Canada more than we can hope for?* (September). The questions raised are indeed of utmost importance. It increasingly appears that continued unmitigated economic growth and the "good life" are mutually incompatible. While still recognizing that we exist in an intensely competitive world, we still believe that Canada may be able to exercise some choice over its future development—however, we must research alternative development paths in order to know which course a majority of Canadians will desire.

P. B. MATHIASSEN-CORRAN,  
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR,  
SCIENCE COUNCIL OF CANADA, OTTAWA

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE SENT TO MONTREAL'S MAGAZINE, Your View, 485 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO, ONT., CANADA M5W 1A7.

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Stephen S. Leopold (second from right), the only Canadian staff member of the U.S. Senate Committee, analyzes the Watergate hearings and reports why we in Canada have nothing to be complacent about.

## Inside the Watergate hearings

By Stephen S. Leopold

While there is no evidence, at this writing, that President Richard Nixon had prior knowledge of the Watergate break-in, there is a good bit of evidence that he was aware of the cover-up. During three and a half months as an investigator for the Senate Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities (the Ervin Watergate committee), I examined tons of evidence indicating that the President knew, or should have known, what was going on. I never saw anything, either in the public record or in the private files to which I had access, that would contradict such conclusions. And from my knowledge of the Ervin committee, its ability and its integrity, I can say that, had there been material available to clear the President, the committee would have made it public.

Therefore, the first conclusion I formed, as a Watergate investigator, was that there is a dark cloud of suspicion, in my the least, hovering over the White House. The second conclusion I formed, as a Canadian, is that a Watergate could very well happen here. Although it would not take place in quite the same way, it would be just as hard to detect, but easier to recover from, for reasons that I shall come to later.

From the first day of the Senate hearings, it was as an investigator and as a Canadian that I watched Watergate unfold, and the watching was an adventure so fascinating, exhilarating and, in some ways, disturbing that I can still scarcely believe it

happened to me. I had followed the first stories about the spreading scandal in the press. Then I saw, after the November, 1973, election when I was back at McGill Law School — where I am now in my second year — that the story seemed to be growing. This was clearly the most crucial political event of the decade and, in some ways, of the century, and in the U.S. certainly, but important to Canada too, because our fate is so closely linked, like it or not, with the American. I studied that, if possible, I would play some role in it. I wrote to Senator Ted Kennedy and Warren Magnuson, key figures in the early stages of the case, and received back three polite form letters saying "Thanks but no thanks." I wrote back in February, 1975, after the committee was formed, to the chairman, Senator Barry Ervin, and got the same kind of answer.

I decided to give it one final try. Last summer, I decided to travel across the U.S., and I wrote two letters just before leaving, one was to Ervin, the other to Ralph Edwards, chief counsel to Senator Ervin's Committee on the Separation of Powers — I had heard that he was the best way to approach the Senate, and that turned out to be the case. My letters were the same to both. I said that I was a 25-year-old law student with some background in investigating in Montreal (I'd done some work on shady car dealerships and on the oil industry) and that I wanted to work as an unpaid volunteer for the com-



**Gordon Liddy**  
Former counsel to the President's major re-election campaign committee and its finance arm, and a prominent member of the White House Plumbers, he was convicted in the Watergate break-in.

more. I had already started on my trip, and I was on holiday at Virginia Beach when a letter from Edelman arrived at my home in Montreal. I was informed by telephone from Montreal that Edelman had expressed interest and had asked me to call on him.

I went to see him and said, in effect, that he had nothing to lose by taking me on, after all. It wouldn't cost anything. He told me to come around the next day. I still was not sure that I had been taken on. Nevertheless, I moved into a dingy old apartment on Constitution Avenue, one block from the New Senate Office Building, where the committee staff was housed. I reported to work at 7:30 a.m. on May 17, the day the hearings opened.

My first job, though mundane in retrospect, was the most exciting thing I could do at that moment by doing with my time. It was copying a typewritten letter to 300 copies of Edelman's ERM's opening statement, a job that gave me a sneak preview into an historical moment. Soon, I was involved in much more crucial work — surveying subpoenaed, searching documents, interviewing witnesses and receiving and following up some of the hundreds of tips that came into the office. The committee staff worked out of a busy workspace kindly shared together in the basement of the New Senate Office Building, just across the street from the hearings, which took place in the caucus room of the old Senate Office Building. The place was jammed with makeshift cubicles, stenographers' desks and photocopiers. I had one of the few offices where the walls actually went up to the ceiling because it was the auditorium's projection room. I was working with such people as Chief Investigator Catherine Bellino, the man whose investigative work under Attorney General Robert Kennedy opened a door for Jimmy Hoffa, and Wayne Bishop, who was one of those responsible for breaking the Volstead Papers. Although it was clearly not of their caliber, we were nevertheless investigators together, and I am proud of the fact that I was the only Canadian, and the only volunteer on the staff that I was the only Canadian.

My specialty was documents. There were 1,300 file drawers full of documents taken from the Committee to Reelect the President, and held in the custody of the United States' National Archives. They were stored on shelves, row by row, like the stacks of very large library, in the basement of the subterranean building on Pennsylvania Avenue. We stored these documents as staples, as file folders, as any means who even passed for gold. Most Canadians and most Americans for that matter saw Watergate as a series of television images of the dominant players — shaggy-haired and bearded bearded



**John Dean**  
White House counsel, and the man whom Nixon says he ordered to check into White House links to Watergate, he is sure that money controlled by Haldeman was used to buy the silence of some Watergate defendants.



**President Nixon**  
He instituted the Plumbers' squad and at least tacitly approved their tactics. He may not have known about the Watergate break-in, but if he didn't know about the cover-up he should have.

Stan Evans, with the soft nose and the ready grin (though some of his names were so well known to him with that, it was comical party he delivered his punch lines, one best showed of him) the spokesman Howard Baker, the senator Lowell Weicker the boyish John Dean, the smooth, older and infinitely diller Texas man, John Ehrlichman and H. R. Haldeman. I saw in a series of documents, which slowly, letter by letter, paragraph by paragraph, merged by them, formed a picture of their own.

We did not always see the same Watergate, the television screen and I would walk across the street from our working room to the hearings and see, with the watching world, that, on the witness stand, Haldeman appeared less solid, less cold, a little less heavily armed than Ehrlichman, and that Ehrlichman was much tougher than Haldeman. In their working domain, which I estimated the opposite was true. Ehrlichman came across in his duties as a little more humane. Admittedly, that wasn't what I was looking for, I was looking for the times of appointments, so that we could cross-check names against such data that I couldn't help noticing, for instance, that Ehrlichman would occasionally have members of his family over to the White House and you'd see a note "Lunch with daughter and friend." Haldeman never did anything like that. Day



**H. R. Haldeman**  
Nixon's other top aide, his diary shows him to be cold, efficient, and all business. He played a key role in Nixon's 1962 California race, later called "the dirtiest campaign in the State's history."

in, day out, he was strictly business, you'd never know he had a family except for the occasional reference to "Miss Mrs. H. at Kennedy Center, 7:30 p.m."

And what was it that all of these documents showed? In essence, they were the framework of the case against President Nixon and his aides as it appeared on the committee hearings. Yes, of course, there were other lines of evidence but these have yet to be revealed at this writing, and I cannot, and will not, betray the confidence that was placed in me because of my private position.

There are three essential elements to the picture that emerges, call them for convenience: The Plumbers, Watergate and the Cover-up, and the whole array of private episodes that went under the heading of Dirty Tricks.

#### The Plumbers

We know that on July 23, 1976, President Nixon approved the use of some previously banned tactics for gathering information by the chief federal security agencies, including the FBI and the CIA, on the people in connection with his enemies — enemies, yes, not democrats, not radicals, and so on. It was now permissible to open personal mail, intercept private communications between the U.S. and foreign correspondents, and even to break into and eavesdrop on sources of information. There is a memo in the file indicating that a Nixon aide, Tom Hartman, advised the President that breaking and eavesdropping at least was "stealthy dignified." Another memo from FBI director J. Edgar Hoover indicated that Hoover approved the new tactics — although Hoover's actions are not given. President Nixon says that five days after he approved of the new methods, he withdrew his support, and that the plan never went into operation, but that is nothing, not one scintilla of evidence, as the record to prove the President's assurance.

To begin with, then, we know that whether or not federal agencies did in fact carry out such tactics they had the President's advice and orders to carry them out, even though he had been advised that they were unwarranted.

We also know that in June of 1971, President Nixon ordered the Plumbers, the White House Special Investigation Unit, the natural outgrowth of these tactics. The Plumbers' job was to track the links of government administration in the media, they came under the supervision of John Ehrlichman and included David Young, E. Howard Hunt and Gordon Liddy. President Nixon says that they were hired for "highly sensitive" work connected with national security, but in fact their activities included obtaining a State Department memo



**John Ehrlichman**  
One of Nixon's two top aides, he supervised the Plumbers, and gave approval for a "covert operation" to examine the Ellsberg psychiatric file. The operation resulted in a burglary.



**John Mitchell**  
Nixon's law partner, campaign manager and political ally, he knew a lot about Watergate soon after the arrests. The question is, what did he tell the President?

linking the Kennedy Administration with the assassination of the president of South Vietnam, conducting an investigation into the scandal in which Mary Jo Kaposnik was killed at Chippewa Falls, and bungling the offer of Dr. Lewis Fudwig, psychiatrist to Daniel Ellsberg, the man who was responsible for making the Pentagon Papers public. The commission of any of these matters in national security was unusual at best. When John Ehrlichman was involved, and Senator Ervin said that the Fudwig burglary had nothing to do with national security, Ehrlichman's lawyer, John Wilkin, asked him how he knew and, Ervin replied, "Because I understand the English language, it's my mother tongue."

Perhaps the President didn't know what the Plumbers were up to, Ehrlichman portrayed them as working chiefly to "assist various agencies and departments" to clamp down on leaks. Canine seems to suggest, however, either that the President knew of at least some of the details of their work or that, if he did not, he should have.

Does this appear too harsh a judgment? Consider that, during the 1972 election, Senator George McGovern was crippled as a candidate by revelations about the past history of mental problems of his running mate, Tom Eagleton. It was said of McGovern by the press.

(Continued on page 54)

## A feast from the roots

Multiculturalism is beautiful

BY SONDRA GOTLIEB



Forty years ago in Canada, a public celebration of cultural differences was unthinkable. Winnipeg, my birthplace, was a prime example of multiculturalism, diversity and tolerance, generations before Toronto became one half United Nations. But in those days, Ukrainians, Jews and Poles who had settled on the prairies ate their kolaches (stuffed cabbage rolls) and their kielbas (stuffed goose neck) in the privacy of their homes. People were discreet. Only the occasional pile of twinkle-wink shofio, spit out by second-generation Ukrainians in front of northern movie houses (their husbands inspired no doubt by Edward G. and Humphrey B.) revealed unusual gastronomic passions.

The most gristly offspring of Eastern European ethnicity never took salami sandwiches to school parties. Certain remarks dropped by the teachers were enough to make spirited noble students realize that salami was socially unacceptable. Mary Seelitz was long their mascot in the kitchen, dressed to hide it from that enemy from Anglo-Saxon Canada who entered everybody's kitchen — the Eaten's dinner.

But all that's changed now. The festive entrance of the non-Anglo-Saxon is vanishing. Ethnicity is no longer a short-term display. We see the dressing and wafering of the want everywhere, as easily procurable in the supermarkets as those enormous rubber objects you see in the windows of love craft shops, and Heather Wylie, the girl who lived across the street from me in Winnipeg, could no longer make me feel uncomfortable with the question, "How come you people always seem to have so much sour cream in the refrigerator?"

In fact, there / continued on page B7

# What makes Alan Eagleson calm?

An offer he can't refuse

BY TRENT FRAYNE

The Eagle is on the phone.

He is talking about his client Paul Henderson whose two-year contract with the Toronto Maple Leafs runs out next spring. He is talking to Jim Gregory, Leafs' general manager.

"If you want Paul to play for you next year," says the Eagle, "come up with a five-year package. We're already holding an offer from the Toronto-Toronto for between \$300,000 and a million. See you."

The Eagle is dictating letters.

He is writing about his client Bobby Orr to the general managers of 12 teams in the World Hockey Association. He is advising them that Orr's five-year million-dollar contract with the Boston Bruins expires in the spring of 1979. He is reminding them that they owed him to him their offers for Orr's services. The Eagle looks up from his work.

"I would suspect Bobby Orr will sign for \$2.5 million in the summer of 1978," he says.

The most powerful man in professional hockey leans back in his chair and smokes a long slow smoke. "The bidding should be interesting," adds the Eagle.

Just a day in Moscow when I ran into him unexpectedly at an elevator bank during the Canada-Russia hockey series, I knew Alan Eagleson as a guy of endless energy, always running off someone, always grinning and dodging through traffic, one of those people not noticeably business who fights a lot, a physical-fitness fanatic, fast-talking, expertly talented, a scotchpot talker delighting in his triumphs, a guy with a say.

I'd known him since 1965, when he was promoted into prominence as Bobby Orr's lawyer negotiating a landmark contract and then as the organizer of the NHL players' association, another landmark. Not long after he'd become the boss of the hockey players' trade union he also became president of the Progressive Conservative Association in Ontario, the anti-establishment neo-McGowan man, a Bay Street lawyer in a big firm assisting the Senate. How many more would the pundits of the NHL were shocked. In those days he looked like Clark Kent, of Super Al in his black horn-rimmed and grizzled hair, all lines and athletic. In the last couple of years, like a lot of hockey refs, he'd moved into correctly mod suits, carefully lightened his hair, switched to wigs, and he had become increasingly powerful as hockey's structure, though by September of 1972, at 35, he still had all this bounce, this glitz.

I remember meeting him by chance on a Sunday morning on the lobby of the Grand Hotel in Stockholm while Team Canada was there and he said it was, he'd show me some architectural blueprints in the courtyard of the Swedish parliament buildings. So we set off across one of the old city's most notable bridges, and I told him there were separate stairs, for God's sake, what's the hurry, we've got all day, and he laughed and showed his pants for a few moments but soon he was into his quick reference list again. Afterward, we climbed into a light-colored limo and cruised the waters of the city with a couple of the players. Turned to see, he chuckled softly, grinned reflexively, and said he had thought it would take him five years to make Bobby Orr a millionaire but the way things had turned out it had taken a little longer than that, five years and a few months, in I recall.

And so from these few hours on a tranquil Sunday in Stockholm I was certainly prepared for what transpired some days later when I ran into him at the elevator bank and for the first time saw an Eagleson I'd never known before, the one everybody in Canada was to see on television from the Moscow Ice Palace a few days later. I was waiting to take the down elevator in the Intercontinental Hotel where the up elevator deposited Eagleson at the sixth floor. This was the day after Canada had blown a 4-1 lead in the third period of the opening game in Moscow to lose 5-4 and go two games down to the Soviets. The Russians had won twice in Canada, lost once and tied once, so now the series stood 3-1-1, and this was the first game I'd seen, because I'd been at the Olympic Games in Munich for the Toronto Star while the teams were playing in Canada. Eagleson wanted to know what I'd thought and I told him conversationally that I'd never seen a team jump the puck as impressively as the Russians.

"Rusa," he said. "You must be a Communist." He was very intense, his face was pale and drawn, and there was no question he was serious.

"All I said was that the passing knocked me out," I said.

"We lost, you know," he said.

"Yeah, I know we lost."

"We lost, and you're talking as if you like their passing?" That's right.

"Nobody who thinks like you do has to be a bloody Communist."

"What is this?" I said. "I tell you I like their passing and you give me all this ideological." (Continued on page 10)



The view from the catbird seat

Alan Eagleson, super agent, sees his job as "sweetening the pot" for his clients and for many of those that can be very sweet indeed. World figure skater Karen Magnusson, left, signed a three-year contract with the Los Angeles Kings this summer for \$500,000. Hockey player Paul Henderson, right, is getting \$100,000 for the 1975-76 season with Toronto Maple Leafs and Eagleson has already told the Leafs they will have to come up with a five-year deal for about one million dollars if they want to keep him after that. Some of Eagleson's other big-name clients: Bobby Orr, Boston Bruins, working on a

five-year one-million-dollar contract, but Eagleson is already seeking \$2.5 million for the five years after that; Darryl Sittler, Toronto Maple Leafs, \$750,000 for five years; Ray Apple, Pittsburgh Penguins, \$750,000 for five years; Mike Webster, Minnesota Fighting Saints, \$440,000 for three years; Billy Harris, New York Islanders, \$300,000 for three years; Lucie Robitaille, New York Rangers, \$250,000 for three years; J. J. Van Der Grinten, Ottawa Rough Riders, \$145,000 for three years; Jan Jonsson, St. Louis, \$115,000 for three years; and pitcher Mike Torrey, Montreal Expos, \$38,000 for one year.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY A. HARRIS



# A workingman serves his own master

BY FRANK BERGMANN

You build for elegance. You bargain for revenge.



In the mid-1960s, Frank Bergmann was an idealistic young freelance draftsman, a disciple of Frank Lloyd Wright's conception of organic architecture. But when he discovered that most of his clients wanted a house "like Uncle George's," he quietly put his drafting instruments away and got a job as a carpenter. Now 66, he wears that away from his home in Surrey, British Columbia, as the wisdom of half a life spent working with his own hands.

The aim is a dental, steady decade when we come out, away from the chaotic vortex on the radio.

On the construction site the mud is white deep. Another island is barely more than a good lumber in the Fraser River at New Westminster, B.C. It had a few halfhearted farms as it before Greenvale-Lang turned it into an industrial estate, with steel and tidy buildings, pavements, curbs and streetlights.

Folk wisdom has it that you can build on sand. We do, and there is nothing the matter with it. You put down a thick, concrete footing, some three feet wide, and a wall on top of that about four feet high, the whole thing well lined with steel rods. You fill the open, boulder structure with sand and wash that down with water. For days, sand every little grain finds a place where it fits perfectly, without even a microscopic space. The sand acquires the density, if not the hardness of rock. The concrete floor on top has a mat of steel anchored in the middle. Your building is as solid as the pyramids.

We are putting up floors for the concrete footings and walls, and ramming the steel that makes the concrete wall-nigh undetectable. It is surprising how the rain finds every crack in your clothing. Working head over, it gets into the space between hat and collar, the waxy soap you slide up on your back and soon your overalls and pants are sodden across your whole backside. After a while the job that usually craves the air whenever men are working becomes deadly. You simply endure.

Try not to think of the cold needles seeping down your back and the backs of your legs. Think instead of the beautiful patterns you create with the steel rods as you fit them into place: the uprights curving up from the wide footing, then, serving it as witness they roll near the floor; the horizontal strength and grace and level, every intersection tied solid with a short length of soft wire in a sure, swift, precise motion

of the fingers. You glance at your watch. Every rod is in place, smoothly spaced, level and straight, the line of the wall is straight. It had better be — the building is more than 200 feet long. The engineers have a word for it: elegance. It means purpose, accuracy and precision, without excess. It is a form of beauty. It was man who invented the straight line, nature doesn't really care about the shortest distance between two points, except in her fancies. Never in her forms.

The water is now seeping down your arms and you rub your sleeves so that the cloth will soak it up. Coffee time has finally come, and you didn't really feel the time go by. From everywhere men are drifting toward the steel shed, heavy loaded in the mud, home to sit and write to call it a day. Somehow, a dozen of us find room in the little building. We sit on metal legs, on the floor, or squat on our haunches, and the smell of Thermos coffee comes streaming from plastic cups. Somebody says, "Hell, I'm not married to the job," and there is a chorus of agreement. Somebody greets. Some of us are married to mortgages and finance companies.

The door opens and the superintendent walks in. He finds a space big enough to squat, and lights a cigarette. He looks around with a half smile, as though he'd like to apologize for the weather. He's wet too, he's been out and around in the rain all morning even though he didn't know it. He's his way of communicating with us: he's one of the things that prevents men and rebellion, before corruption.

He says, "Look, boys, I know how it is, but we'd really appreciate it if you stayed with a. We'd like to pour next week to stay on schedule. The steel frame is going up on a building twice the size of the one we'll be on in a few days, so we'll be here, as we can swing in there. Okay?" His eyes circle the room again, pausing at every face. Nobody smiles, but there are nods of agreement. He gets up and goes out. Somebody says, "Well, we can't get any water." We close up our tanks and go back to work.

But by next week, when our job is finished, it just happens that another gang has swung into the building with the roof on, and most of us are laid off.

One of the men getting on TV commercials shows a workman, either a carpenter or a welder, at work. It is meant to be obvious that the man, as he steps down from his scaffold, is tired and stiff. In fact, he says so: "You work hard all your life, you ache all over, and what does it get you?"

Sitting it for the first time, the viewer may perhaps think that he is about to hear, right out of the workman's world, a new opinion on the workman's condition, something on security of employment or the future of labor. I mean, after all, working people do think about something while they are putting in all those hours at a job that requires, once learned, not too much intellectual stimulus. Well, don't they? Not the man. All he wants is his back rubbed to ease his aching muscles. This mindless act of workman's clothing, who has presumably spent half a lifetime at the kind of job, given with approval after one application of the advertiser's statement at the hands of a smiling wife. This grunting job has no serious concern for the fact that he has been trading the precious, unreplaceable as part of his body for a mere living, that he may be, at 60, a muscle-bound, athletic work, and at 65, after a short period watching Lawrence Welk and football games on the television, ready for the gymnasium. This is the TV image of the workman, and it would not be surprising to discover that here and there a steel-tired, bent but gale sailing straight into the middle of the repetitive screen.

The tankkeeper in the front office asks what I want and when I tell him "A job," he asks me to thank toward an open door behind him. "The boss is in there, go on in." Carl Swenson is a Swedish workman who looks like a bear. His purpose. He has a reputation as a fast operator and built a lot of houses in Vancouver. I'm a very / continued on page 18



Madame Vanier, our former chatelaine, finds a new way to share her life

## Embracing the mentally wounded

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN REEVES

Late in the summer of 1964, beachside shack much given to psychosis in Troisy-Bouct, a tiny coastal town in northern France, Jean Vanier, son of then Governor General George Vanier, moved into an old, deserted stone house named L'Arche, with two mentally handicapped men to create a home.

In retrospect the setting was appropriate for his mission: Troisy-Bouct, like Jean Vanier's usually sagged friends, presents the indicators of dereliction and neglect. Overlaid, centuries-old stone houses, unimproved in the glories of the past, molder in neglect and are empty, slowly sinking in the sea daily runs prevalent even in summer. The great and more richly endowed churches of the region are selling their pews and seem barely able to fight a building boom against decay.

Overshadowed in World War II, the indigenous citizens of Troisy-Bouct also bear the scars of a tragic history. For them the flurries of unrespected political struggle and terror by night are part of a living

communal memory. There is a lady of indeterminate but not great age who prowls the streets casually, carrying a heavy pickaxe and a flashlight to inspect strange license plates, harassed by the anticipation of a dancer that we, the extremely sane of the earth, can only hope never arrives in fulfillment of her abortion expectations. She will not be reassured.

Despite its close proximity to Paris and the dominant regional industrial centers of Compiègne, Troisy-Bouct and its close neighbors Cusset-la-Motte and Pierrefonds have not been winners in France's aggressive postwar growth.

(Jean Vanier might have self-consciously set forth to found a community committed to the cure and healing of the mentally scarred in a place like Troisy-Bouct; however, such was not the case. Vanier, by the summer of 1964, was at loose ends. He had forsaken a medical career because of an incompatibility with his humanitarian mouthpiece, and he was haunted by a feeling of dis-



### At Work

Work at L'Arche isn't just a therapeutic pastime. The mentally handicapped are encouraged to take part in an eight-hour-a-day home in a variety of agricultural, industrial, craft and maintenance activities that contribute to the community's support. An expanding complex of shops aims to produce workers who can perform at conservatively acceptable standards. Part of the work at L'Arche is general administration and there is a weekly meeting chaired by chief administrator Jean Vanier. But open to all concerned, including the community's handicapped members. It is a reasonable question by which to live.





## At Play

L'Arche treats its mentally handicapped according to their individual needs. Vigorous, inventive play or sensitive personal attention is available in whatever circumstances. Repetition isn't part of the L'Arche lifestyle. The handicapped residents can smoke, drink, dress as they wish and impose whatever personal touches (decorative posters) they please on their accommodations. Vanier, an ardent welcome at L'Arche (by Madame Vanier) and the welcome usually includes dinner — the high social point of the L'Arche day. L'Arche is not just an institution, that is its importance; that is its excellence.



## Jean Vanier's therapy treats people as people and lets them be themselves

satisfies with an academic life that wasn't satisfying the dictates of an intensely held belief in service to society.

It was at this time that Vanier received an invitation to Trinity-Burdett from an old friend and spiritual mentor, Rev. Thomas Phillips. Pete Thomas was already living in Trinity-Burdett, and was interested in sponsoring a small local chapel. It was during this exposure with Pete Thomas that the idea came to Vanier of making a home for, and sharing a life with some retarded men — people whose religious, human, and desperate circumstances seemed to present a focus for his profound Christian belief. From the initial period living in L'Arche, Vanier's idea of a community centered in openness (the handicapped) just grew to its present scale with numerous residents in the Comptoir-Trinity region, and further establishments in Canada, England, India, Denmark and the U.S.

Recently Vanier's mother has come to live with her son and share his life at Trinity-Burdett, and the services at L'Arche. Madame Pauline Vanier, a woman still possessed of a remarkably vigorous mind and body, a woman who had in some degree been the mother of her husband's and then her children's deep spiritual and metaphysical search to mankind, was drawn to L'Arche. It affords an outlet for her formidable talents — writing, praying, and dispensing hard-won wisdom and diplomatic acumen — and she is at home again.

L'Arche is not, in the traditional sense, an institution where a small professional staff cares for a large population of physically and mentally handicapped; the whole event unfolded in a single building. L'Arche is a community where a male or less equal number of handicapped and unhandicapped people simply live and work together for the common good. L'Arche's physical structure is circular rather than institutional, with its members living in separate, relatively small home units. Though L'Arche is not in any real sense self-supporting, life there runs as though it were. The whole community participates in the greatest extent as individually possible in all aspects of life there. L'Arche's workshops subvert industrial assembly operations from local industries. It

operates its own vegetable gardens, attends to its own building renovation and maintenance, runs a tailoring shop, and everyone helps with domestic chores — cooking, cleaning, dishwashing.

L'Arche further provides for a very real social life for those who live there. A country setting and proximity to a national forest lead to a whole range of such outdoor activities as hiking, camping and the national classics, soccer. The small-town role of the L'Arche situation provides access to church and a steady promotion of musical evenings, birthday parties, visits to the local cafe and a profusion of spontaneous recreational and social happenings. All these on-going daily affairs at L'Arche are shared by handicapped and non-handicapped alike. They live and interact together. They eat the same food at the same table, sleep in the same accommodations, perform the same tasks.

This homogenizing of both handicapped and non-handicapped has a curious effect: while some of the handicapped have developed confident, engaging personalities, some of the non-handicapped possess far degrees of neuroticism and personality that are far from engaging. After a few days at L'Arche the shows and who isn't going quite evenly to play.

There are many areas visible at L'Arche, and one night I was given cause for some less than flattering self-criticism. After thoughtfully enjoying an evening of unadorned and contagious gaiety — an evening fueled with a few francs worth of fruit juice and cookies — I felt called to account for the unlikelihood of a life that entails consuming from \$25 to \$35 a day in heart, longevity and beauty merely to produce the illusion of not feeling downright miserable.

L'Arche is not an institution, it is an idea for a community designed to embrace all its members rather than look after some of them. In some ways L'Arche is that incredibly obvious answer to a complex problem that some have occupied being because of its absence. Ask: what can we do to help the mentally ill and the peasant will tell you that in a few years he'll see there aren't any. Ask the biochemist and he may say that in time he'll have a pill to cure it. Ask the often desperately distressed and guilt-ridden parents of a mentally handicapped

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# The thinkin' man's Stompin' Tom

That's Cape Breton's John Allan Cameron  
Aquarian philosopher turned folk hero

BY BILL HOWELL

Strange, the men are almost compulsively sweet and sad at once, their air as weird as where they come from. It's as if they're always trying to catch up to themselves. They follow a dozen diverse roots, leaping across the whole distance between well fed and fed up, but they all somehow seem to insist on themselves on that broad Celtic face. He's a big man, built like a paper, but he moves well with his weight. A double chin provides a perfect place to tack the fiddle into, and his large hands come the same out with that deceptive ease that immediately puts him right up there with the bats. The dark eyes nip out at you from under a mop too long for home, and it all begins again with the best of a wink and a line that half pastsly grin if you happen to break your head with the punch that knocks the other guy out, who wins the fight?

"They tell me I'm exactly like this," John Allan Cameron tells back like a big bear on an oatmeal-less than new dining-room sofa, quietly sipping tea in time with his own voice. He neither smokes nor drinks. That annoys me, and I see a *Waver Shigan Saker* from his first Columbia album, and the house is all the truth is somewhat more than a reasonable likeness of all that polite pseudonym we all have to call home. The scene is set with the usual assortment of Saturday afternoon women and friends coming and going, but he's not at all aware in the state of interview in performance. (I mean here he is, this strange man who plays bagpipes, music on a Glasgow piano?) For one, how maybe a dozen times before, and with John Allan, one soon learns that the important things are often implied in what he leaves unsaid. It's hard to separate

the man from the performer sometimes, the two are often interchangeable, and his way of working his words through four or five levels and scribbles at once, a riot on Cape Breton folk music, the intricate cyphers of most downbeat dance systems. It's the difference, perhaps, between good carpentry and high architecture. When the song ends, I turn the tape recorder, and the afternoon's conversation winds its own way toward a distant state of peaceful history, told on its own terms. Like the ghost of a childhood?

"Looking back on it now, I had a tremendous sense of frustration that the potential history of my people was never really portrayed to me. I think that as a kid it wasn't made real enough. You know, the fortress of Lunenburg has a tremendous history. I don't know a hell of a lot about it. And neither do that many people in Cape Breton. And that's a bloody shame."

John Allan Cameron was born on Friday, December 16, 1918, in a farmhouse at southwest Malton, Lunenburg County, Cape Breton. His father was from Coganish, his mother from Jeddah, both in Cape Breton. The children came in this order: John Donald, John Allan, Marie Jeanne, Alec Donald Angus, and Cyril. John Allan stopped grade three. He had a head fiddler buddy, McMasie, play it right at a square dance in his one-room school at Glencoe Station in 1946. Electricity came to Glencoe in 1953. The Conno Country, linking Cape Breton to mainland Nova Scotia, was completed in 1955. Sociology may not have a heart of human, but the circumstances beg the mind's patience for understanding.

"The thing that I remember most was

the tremendous respect from the parish priest by the community. He was from the area, and he was the intellectual pillar of the community. The man who made the ultimate decision. Now, granted, a lot of that has changed. An awful lot. When I was growing up there were a lot of questions that weren't being asked, sort of thing. Most things were being taken for granted, which is good and bad. I suppose. But growing up in that particular thing was really great, I had you met."

The Holy Trinity, they say in Sydney Mines, are all private detectives. Cape Breton common to low tariff, regardless of classed outsiders, little distance, and those who choose to use the codes from the place with the highest unemployment in the country as a natural thing, and interpret the people from there the same as birds from the Quark. (The typical Cape Bretoner, according to popular belief, is a well fed man who habitually spends the last of a night asleep under a blanket with a gun on his face that betrays his drunken dreams.) Trading things and wearing them not owning them, especially in Cape Breton, like that doesn't add up to unfriendly people, it just underlines the difference between handicraft and art. So let it be said that Cape Breton is a recent place that televises itself with a self-mocking away at home, and a pride that's never wrong in public. "The Cape Breton fiddler is a unique sort of person. Doug Kerrish, with his Capat fiddle music down in Lunenburg, is a progression. The Cape Bretoners are the roots. And the fiddling is different than any other in Canada in that it has its own music and substance. The ordinary fiddling — let's say the

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John de Visser:

## Fact as fantasy

Portrait from a photographer with a dream  
and an eye for truth

It was 1957 and there was something about his style. The photographs had wave, intensity, composition, the stirring texture of watercolor. It would blow the cover budget for the rest of the year, but *Maclean's* editor Ralph Allen and managing editor Pierre Berton felt that was small payment for the chance to introduce the first works of a recent Dutch immigrant. The 16-page, full-color spread in Toronto's *A New Look At A Controversial City* brought quick recognition to John de Visser, and the promise of his talent has never faded.

De Visser has been awarded that rare compliment: that goes usually to the best painters. "That's a De Visser," people will say when they encounter his works. His approach is his signature, a style in exploring that at times his clients are mistaken for paintings. And this idea has. "Among photographers there's too much of an emphasis on style. Sometimes this pushes the subject matter into the background and lets the photographer hang on the wall. Personally, I'd prefer to let the subject matter have the emphasis."

The picture opposite, so distinctly a De Visser, is a composition on the primary colors of Prince Edward Island: red of the soil, green of the fields, blue of the sea. It joins 13 other De Visser and the works of 21 other photographers in the new anthology *Canada*, originally produced by the National Film Board and recently published by Clarke, Irwin (\$17.50).

Looking through it, the De Visser pictures announce themselves, but in a conspicuous style, but one to which he affords no theory. "Photists have more of a right to talk about style," he says. "It's pretty their own interpretation on canvas. In photography, most of the time the interpretation is an afterthought. If people like my things and think they're works of art that's fine, but it's not up to me to tell them."

Of all the Canada he has captured, Newfoundland remains his first love, above even his home province Ontario. His favorite work is a book he did with Farley Mowat on Newfoundland (*The Rock Winkle The Sea, A Message Lost*), and Farley wrote an apt dedication in De Visser's copy: "They called him 'not quite taller and de corner' — and did not know that he was one of those until the book was made."

With rugged Newfoundland to act as catalyst, it was only natural that friendship would grow between De Visser and painter Christopher Pratt. "The things he paints are those things I love about Newfoundland, usually old houses, but he paints them as if they are brand new. And yet, there's a feeling they are actually old — I don't know how he does it." ■





## Christopher Pratt: Magic as reality

Portrait of the artist at home in St. Catharines, Newfoundland, far from the garrets of Bohemia

BY HARRY BRUCE

Christopher Pratt, a lanky, amiable Newfoundlanders who believes in his own self-control the way some people believe in God, may well be the most eclectical painter in Canada. It's not a matter of opinion: What is indisputable however is that, out on the coast of Newfoundland, Pratt has discovered a private rhythm of peace, a life and place that are as close to a Canadian paradise on earth as most of us are ever likely to find. He does not relish leaving home and, if it's true that home is where the heart is, he never really does.

At a halfway and pretentious art conference in Ottawa last spring, Pratt was so impatient as his great white sheep at her mooring in Coreception Bay, and if you'd come saw him alive and talks near the walls and the magic goes and the unbearable carious of Home, you might have understood why Home is an endless song, and his wife, Mary. Everything else is merely ordinary, though an art conference may be even less than strictly ordinary.

At this time, the Cultural Vanguard of the Nation had at last discovered Participatory Democracy, and hundreds of artists, art administrators, art brokers, art businessmen and art angels had come to Ottawa to business out for all time a cultural policy for Canada. It lasted two days, ample time to fashion destiny, but Pratt was there for only one of them. Farewell, Chateau Laurier. Farewell, corridors of culture. See the other bird on high. She's away. And onward bound.

Pratt may be a great painter. It takes a while for the rest of us to decide who's great, and he's only 38. Early-career Canada has a curious notion on what the art world sometimes calls Magic Realism. At least half a dozen highly skilled Magic Realists have either studied in the Maritimes and moved on, or studied in the Maritimes and stayed to do their work and make their lives there, but according to some art experts the supreme blessing in this regard is flowering in Pratt.

Dorely Cameron of Toronto, one of the country's leading authorities on contemporary art, says, "Of all the artists who've come out of that area, I've always thought Chris had the most intensity, the most mysterious quality in his work. He always has this extra quality, a quality beyond the object. There's something extra he always gives you. To me, Chris isn't just our finest poetic artist."

A dozen years ago, before Pratt dared to believe a Newfoundland could ever survive by painting alone, he sold copies of a self-screen print called *Just De Soul* to fellow students at Mount Allison University. / continued on page 41

# God, Eaton's and the Orangemen's parade

A trip off old Jewell to the  
watching Protestant WASP

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

Every time I hear someone say "Wasp" in a way that conjures images of bygone bourgeois in solid brick houses, devoting hanks and ruling Canada, I think with a twinge of loyalty of the few old Wasps still squeezed into a row of semi-detached houses on the street where I grew up. It was a neighborhood of lower middle-class Wasps, although they didn't call themselves that. They called themselves "workingtons," in a sense that meant they hadn't lost their moral fibre or contact with reality, and I'd like to put in a word for them before they vanish completely, like the passenger pigeon, in their Etonian Donegal-tweed caps, and a faint fragrance of lilacs and overdone roast beef, carefully closing their back gates behind them and sipping off down life's lane, carrying their soldiering arms, jeweller's trays, towels, sweaters, wash basins, postman's pouches and brocklayne's hobs, and a few unscathed 24th-of-May fireworks, followed by the saunas, jets and flying rocks of the new era.

I know there are still strongholds of rich Wasps, who live surrounded by nature, old periwigs and curved stairways. I take my daily walks through one of these areas and still see people in yacht club blazers and white squash shoes coming out of houses with fat veranda pillars and potted ferns, and giving lapidary gardeners their day's instructions on what to do with their gazebos, the dappled sunlight coming down on them through old elm like the pale light of a rain forest. Where I read that these people control Canada I can believe it, but even they are surrounded by new ideas and lap at their opera houses like using food waste.

For my former neighbors, the flood of changing times has left little but a few old wishes engraved "For 40 years of loyal service," certificates signed by the staff of the closing department and mementos of such things as military tankard and regal wigs. Their world has gone, their gardens are too small, their granddaughters are called Lady Chaviv and their ideas are cited as examples of perversion. Nobody under 35 realizes what they've lost. They were

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to hear. It said that he was home.

The most silent and sweet and perfect moments of his boyhood, the magical seconds that he still dreams about, had occurred on weekend fishing and hunting trips to beautiful corners of the Anadromous, and usually at dawn. Few evenings are as clean as a Newfoundland dawn. Years later, he'd dream of moments of trust and calm, and shivers of goose and partridge and ducks and, long before he moved to St. Catharines, he had dreamed once about a flock of osprey ducks.

The ducks were white and black.

with a dusty gold headband. The hens were dusty brown. These ducks have been 50 of them, and they all rose together, through a fog at dawn, and flew up the river.

"That was the dream," he recalls, "and on the second or third day we were here, I suddenly woke at five in the morning, and I went to a window, and there was a flock of osprey ducks. The ducks were white and black with kind of dusty gold headbands. The hens were sort of dusty brown. They all rose together, and there was a heavy fog. They flew up the river. There must have been

50 of them. I've never seen so many together, before or since. And quite honestly, I accepted it as an omen."

The place is on the banks of the Salmon River, where the river joins St. Mary's Bay, and the Furts live there under Canada geese, eagles, hawks, gulls, ospreys, black ducks, golden ducks, mergansers, "practically every bird in Newfoundland."

Seals crawl and otters romp in their river ponds. Their four kids boat there, swim there, dance there. Mary can call them home for supper from the kitchen door, and supper, on my summer day that anyone feels like fishing, will be trout caught just off their lawn.

Moose sometimes amble in among the flowers, the pretty birdwoods, the blackberries, gooseberries, the vegetable garden, and the loose toys and sports gear that surround the house. A thousand creek spins the sleeping grass, and rattle down to the river.

The house is really two houses joined together. It is low. It stretches, like an old ranchhouse. It's got six bedrooms and 10 bathrooms and, in separate buildings, Chris and Mary have studios of their own. Mary is an accomplished painter in her own right, in a style that's sometimes labelled Photo Realism, and, lately, her independent reputation has been growing. By the nature of their work and creative professions, the whole family is together there in their coastal wilderness almost all the days of their lives. There are no property taxes in rural Newfoundland.

Across the river, the Pratt family owns 150 acres of black spruce, fir, birch, with local, occasional ash and the odd willow. Beyond that, stretching across the lower horizon, there's a kind of landscape of carbon. "Smokeyness," Pratt says, "I have to go to some smoky industrial party in St. John's, and I have my customary ginger ale, and I come home late. I like to stand by the car for a moment and think that, if I were to walk straight through there, I would find the carbon ground before I'd ever find a road. It's smoky. I know. But it's not romantic, because they're there."

He goes on. "I guess what I'm trying to say is that I really like it here. I've learned to live in the present here. I've overcome that green-pastures thing that plagued me for years. The smokiness here always excites the anticipation, and that's a damn good way to live. I wake up in the morning, and I'm usually glad to be here. I go to bed at night, and I'm glad to be here."

There's a work of art on the outside of the old white garage at Pratt's place. A child has painted a huge, smiling face and the words, "Be Happy." It's a cheerful order and, in the case of Chris Pratt, it seems at least to be entirely unnecessary. ■

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Postal Code \_\_\_\_\_

**AIR CANADA** 

Air Canada  
P.O. Box 388 Montreal '87 P.Q.  
Please send my tour Show Tour Booklet

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City \_\_\_\_\_ Prov. \_\_\_\_\_  
Postal Code \_\_\_\_\_

**AIR CANADA** 

# The fashion is new. The tradition of quality is 70 years old.



At Forsyth we've never been much for fads. So every season when our designers set out to style our new shirts, they always keep one principle in mind. Good taste.

For over 70 years we've been making shirts with new shirt styles, fabrics, patterns and innovations, that have made our shirts leaders in value for you. But through all these changes a Forsyth shirt has always reflected superb tailoring, attention to detail and a matchless elegance.

When you buy a Forsyth shirt you're buying much more than a new style. You're buying a tradition. A line that's far above the others.



A cut above the others

John Forsyth Co. Limited, Kitchener, Canada.

WASPS (see page 38)  
over on a winning team (the same is the weekly folk on the other side of the round) during a well-ordered summer, with King George V or VI at the top and two white gardens and good plumbing at the bottom — established forever by right thinking, God, Eton's and the Oreganese's parade, and filled with a cheerful pink gas from Victoria to California, that threatened in the air like the spray from a garbait at sunset. How they sit on their butts (up-grey porches peering nervously from under striped awnings and through Virginia creepers at the new people who park their houses and and purple, pinkish reds in the old waxy beds and put the soil up as our ancestor, and — well, I'm sorry, but I like them.

They invite me into their place polished living rooms where everything is tidy and business done, as if for a final motion — the piano closed and the sheet music of Little Green Shook (a Wadski stuffed into the piano bench, Dickens, Thackeray and Walter Scott) and dry in glass-on coats, shows Jacks framed in the wall like symbols of an undigested movement — and give me ginger ale and recall old times, reminding me of a lot of neighborhood home-plays and good sports that disappeared with the Gray Dot.

The new member of the team Billy Cook kept speaking water on old Mr. Cook's head from the bathroom window until the old gentleman thought it was raining. "Do you remember when your Uncle Sam, that was he had the roofing business, sent old Mrs. Minkowski a bill for 30 pounds of solid silver nails just to hear what she'd say?" or "the way Mr. Wain used to make those speeches when he came home from laying bricks?" (Mr. Wain used to give the best introductions I've ever heard of a politician on the stump saying absolutely nothing.)

I think it's a mistake to ignore their good qualities just because they thought French Canadians were bright green rats and called them, and that there was something Canadian about garlic, a word food used by all foreigners except Americans, who were so misguided in other ways they might as well have said it. I forget these things when some little lady Wain says she doesn't get around much now because she's crippled with arthritis, then tells something that could have come right out of the Boy Scouts Manual for 1926, like "But we mustn't complain." Or says, "It will be very big around you. He just went down to go to the gym," adding some quaint remark like "He still doesn't rest right when there's an unpaid bill, you know."

They had other qualities. I'll be sorry to see go. I don't know if they were so cheerily Wain, but they were in the air when the Wain was the maddened dominant species — quitters like taking

continued on page 38

# This one we keep.

Gold Crown is a Canadian Whisky that's strictly for Canadians. Too many of our best whiskies get exported away from us. But not this one. We're keeping it here for you. Try Gold Crown — and you'll want to keep it in your Fort too.



**GOLD CROWN CANADIAN RYE WHISKY**

Produced in a fine distillery in the heart of the Golden Triangle, Ontario, Canada. Gold Crown is a registered trademark of the John Forsyth Co. Limited, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada.

## Put a piece of art on your table

Old fashioned fine glassed porcelain. Alight with bluing new art glasses in Sings, Olive or Sandalwood and bright co-ordinated fluted shades. A piece of table top art for any room in your home. SINGER Lighting has a lamp for your every decorating idea. Send today for your free catalogue.



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381 Carlaw Ave., Toronto, Ont. M4M 2S9  
Please send me my free copy of your 1984 Lighting Catalogue in English Catalogue

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City \_\_\_\_\_ From \_\_\_\_\_ Code \_\_\_\_\_

10/83



Approx. 27"  
\$75.00  
free stand



WASPS contented  
pride in good workmanship, being as good as your word, believing in principles, doing a bit more than you were paid for, being on time; never missing a day's work, taking your turn as a knave, being self-depensive. If a Wasp on my street lost his job, he didn't try to re-organize the world on his side: he felt he'd get another job if he kept his pants pressed and remained cheerful, and I sometimes think of him with a lamp in my throat, as I did the other day when two garbage men took a tow off my car, then, before they installed the new one left me standing there, got hamburgers from the Jiffy Wagon, and sat down for their mid-afternoon break, chewing slowly, staring into space, at God knows what.

Perfect messages happened on my street about as often as they do on any street today. That is virtually never, but the seldom wasn't to try another one. A man and his wife may have had a fight that was fascinating to the people in the other half of the semi detached house, or even the next detached one, baying and thumping soapboxes. And it might have ended with the husband up on the roof, silent, self-worked and then-tipped, repeating an even longer, and the wife singing carols to the winds and going out for a soda and to see a movie and look at Ronald Coleman. But the home was still there, a complex full-time party, involving double, cuffs, spindles, courage, letting down hoars, making left shoes and paying off mortgages, and by the following Tuesday both husband and wife would be going along their fingers.

People did their best to be honest. A man sitting, say, his T-Mobile Ford for \$75, tried to sell on the principle that honesty was compatible with decency. He would put down his garden hose, go out to the curb on his carpet slippers, point with the stem of his pipe and say "I won't fool you, the spark jumps where that's a low and that's got a glow in her pants gear, but that's all that's wrong with her that I know of," unashamedly clinging to the belief that in a world where everyone was honest nobody would be the loser in the long run. And people believed these things without giving up political subverting agencies or public service TV, or even the need of saying them aloud. A man may have said "Honesty is the best policy" but he said it with a little grin to make sure nobody thought he was a religious fanatic for, by and large, Wasps distrusted extravagant remarks and theatrical gestures, like goose-stepping, which they found undignified and vaguely anti-human, along with singing sentimental patriotic songs in bad habit of Americans, or bowing that Wasps were a superior breed, which wasn't necessary. There were a lot of times I'd like to see

continued on page 100

## Great Liqueurs from Italy RAMAZZOTTI



Liquors you can drink with confidence

*Sovereign Distributors Agencies Ltd*

THE JURY OF THE WORLD LUXURY AWARDS 1984



COLOR TV • B/W TV • STEREO • 100% CRYSTAL



# 1974 ZENITH SOLID-STATE CHROMACOLOR II & CHROMACOLOR CAN MAKE THEIR HOLIDAYS A LOT BRIGHTER

## NEW FROM ZENITH

& a great gift idea!

## EXCITING 10" PORTABLE SOLID-STATE CHROMACOLOR II

- Advanced Chromacolor Picture Tube
- 100% Solid State Ultra 27W Chassis
- Power Safety Protection



**The TORADOR • 12200**  
Innovative design (13.5" screen) brings Grand Viewcolor color cabinet with white trim strip. Also includes a grand American 100W 100V (13.5") Chromacolor Draw-Button Tuning, A/C Tuner, Video 100 Channel Selector, 1" Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (13.5") Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (13.5") Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (13.5") Sound Speaker. Telephone: 100W 100V (13.5") Sound Speaker. Cabinet size: 17" x 10" x 10" D.

## COMPACT SUPER-SHARP 17" CHROMACOLOR PORTABLE



**The MACRODOR • 12100**  
Compact design (17" screen) brings Grand Viewcolor color cabinet in large with 100W 100V (17") Chromacolor Draw-Button Tuning, A/C Tuner, Video 100 Channel Selector, 1" Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (17") Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (17") Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (17") Sound Speaker. Telephone: 100W 100V (17") Sound Speaker. Cabinet size: 17" x 10" x 10" D.



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## 10" SOLID-STATE CHROMACOLOR II

distinctive decorative styles | giant-screen picture | solid-state dependability



**The ANACARD • 12400**  
Modern styling (12" screen) brings Grand Viewcolor color cabinet in large with 100W 100V (12") Chromacolor Draw-Button Tuning, A/C Tuner, Video 100 Channel Selector, 1" Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (12") Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (12") Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (12") Sound Speaker. Telephone: 100W 100V (12") Sound Speaker. Cabinet size: 17" x 10" x 10" D.



**The ANACARD • 12400**  
Modern styling (12" screen) brings Grand Viewcolor color cabinet in large with 100W 100V (12") Chromacolor Draw-Button Tuning, A/C Tuner, Video 100 Channel Selector, 1" Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (12") Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (12") Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (12") Sound Speaker. Telephone: 100W 100V (12") Sound Speaker. Cabinet size: 17" x 10" x 10" D.



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Modern styling (12" screen) brings Grand Viewcolor color cabinet in large with 100W 100V (12") Chromacolor Draw-Button Tuning, A/C Tuner, Video 100 Channel Selector, 1" Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (12") Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (12") Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (12") Sound Speaker. Telephone: 100W 100V (12") Sound Speaker. Cabinet size: 17" x 10" x 10" D.



**The MACRODOR • 12100**  
Compact design (17" screen) brings Grand Viewcolor color cabinet in large with 100W 100V (17") Chromacolor Draw-Button Tuning, A/C Tuner, Video 100 Channel Selector, 1" Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (17") Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (17") Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (17") Sound Speaker. Telephone: 100W 100V (17") Sound Speaker. Cabinet size: 17" x 10" x 10" D.

## 10" COMPACT SOLID-STATE CHROMACOLOR II

A gift the whole family will enjoy for years on end



**The MACRODOR • 12100**  
Compact design (17" screen) brings Grand Viewcolor color cabinet in large with 100W 100V (17") Chromacolor Draw-Button Tuning, A/C Tuner, Video 100 Channel Selector, 1" Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (17") Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (17") Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (17") Sound Speaker. Telephone: 100W 100V (17") Sound Speaker. Cabinet size: 17" x 10" x 10" D.

## 10" CHROMACOLOR COMPACT



**The MACRODOR • 12100**  
Compact design (17" screen) brings Grand Viewcolor color cabinet in large with 100W 100V (17") Chromacolor Draw-Button Tuning, A/C Tuner, Video 100 Channel Selector, 1" Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (17") Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (17") Sound Speaker, 100W 100V (17") Sound Speaker. Telephone: 100W 100V (17") Sound Speaker. Cabinet size: 17" x 10" x 10" D.



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MADE IN MEXICO  
\*Not for sale in the U.S.  
\*Chromacolor is a registered trademark of Zenith Electronics Corporation

Choose gifts of quality from



THE QUALITY CHOICE IN  
TELEVISIONS SINCE 1932



# EXCITING NEW GIFT IDEAS 1974 ZENITH BLACK & WHITE TV

ZENITH PORTABLE TV THAT TURNS EVERY WHICH WAY IS A GREAT GIFT IDEA!



## 18" SUPER-SCREEN TV

**THE 18" SUPER-SCREEN TV**  
Swivel 18" Super-Screen TV with picture of woman. Swivel 18" Super-Screen TV with picture of woman. Swivel 18" Super-Screen TV with picture of woman.



UP, DOWN, SWIVEL AROUND

enjoy TV in total comfort with  
**REMOTE CONTROL**  
**30" SUPER-SCREEN PORTABLE**



**THE 30" SUPER-SCREEN TV**  
The modernizing...  
Cabinet size 18" x 24" x 18" W 18" D 18" H



SPACE COMMANDER  
Tilt and swivel...  
Tilt and swivel...  
Tilt and swivel...

## 18" THE COLORFUL COMPACTS



**THE 18" COLORFUL COMPACT TV**  
The vibrant...  
Cabinet size 18" x 24" x 18" W 18" D 18" H



Color calibration chart with various color patches.

**SUPER-SCREEN**  
The full...  
Cabinet size 18" x 24" x 18" W 18" D 18" H



SPACE COMMANDER  
Tilt and swivel...  
Tilt and swivel...  
Tilt and swivel...

## 22" GIANT-SCREEN CONSOLE TV

enjoy new TV...  
Cabinet size 22" x 34" x 18" W 22" D 18" H



**THE 22" GIANT-SCREEN TV**  
Contemporary...  
Cabinet size 22" x 34" x 18" W 22" D 18" H



**THE 22" GIANT-SCREEN TV**  
Contemporary...  
Cabinet size 22" x 34" x 18" W 22" D 18" H



**THE 22" GIANT-SCREEN TV**  
Contemporary...  
Cabinet size 22" x 34" x 18" W 22" D 18" H

## 30" ZENITH 100% SOLID-STATE PORTABLES

Super-Screen...  
Cabinet size 18" x 24" x 18" W 18" D 18" H



30" SUPER-SCREEN TV



30" SUPER-SCREEN TV



30" SUPER-SCREEN TV



30" SUPER-SCREEN TV



30" SUPER-SCREEN TV

## 18" ZENITH COMPACT PORTABLES

Featuring instant picture and sound



**THE 18" COMPACT TV**  
Cabinet...  
Cabinet size 18" x 24" x 18" W 18" D 18" H

**THE 18" COMPACT TV**  
Cabinet...  
Cabinet size 18" x 24" x 18" W 18" D 18" H

## 17" SUPER-SCREEN PORTABLES

Compact size...  
Cabinet size 17" x 24" x 18" W 17" D 18" H



**THE 17" SUPER-SCREEN TV**  
Cabinet...  
Cabinet size 17" x 24" x 18" W 17" D 18" H

**THE 17" SUPER-SCREEN TV**  
Cabinet...  
Cabinet size 17" x 24" x 18" W 17" D 18" H

## 22" SUPER-SCREEN PORTABLE

Deliver...  
Cabinet size 22" x 34" x 18" W 22" D 18" H



## 22" GIANT-SCREEN TABLE TV

30m...  
Cabinet size 22" x 34" x 18" W 22" D 18" H



THE QUALITY GOES IN BEFORE THE NAME GOES ON

\*Components exclude control and other accessories.

©1974 ZENITH ELECTRONICS









modestness that might have been inherited from marauding Frenchmen and Spaniards; they start small profits and an uneasy sense of humor. Barbados has its own best of the most friends of the Caribbean identity (it refused to acknowledge the ascendancy of parliament and declared Charles II king.) Barbados hires policemen from like Nelson's island and has a long and colorful history of the world's best criminals. Bridgetown, the capital, a possible imitation of a London suburb with its own Trafalgar Square and a statue of Lord Nelson, given over to Torquay villas and a first resort, and a long and colorful history of the world's best criminals. Bridgetown, the capital, a possible imitation of a London suburb with its own Trafalgar Square and a statue of Lord Nelson, given over to Torquay villas and a first resort, and a long and colorful history of the world's best criminals.

Barbados is small — only 31 miles long and 14 miles wide — and incredibly pleasant. The same trade winds that protected the island from invaders blew it with a moderate climate. Only 78° miles north of the equator, the island keeps Barbados so cool that on its windward side no conditioning is seldom necessary, even when summer temperatures climb to their 86 degree maximum. Climate changes only six inches a year, usually coming down in brief, brief, early morning showers. The mean daily temperature varies only 3-9 degrees between February and June which are the best and warmest months.

Climate near West Indies, Barbados, whose main industry seems to be not so much entertaining tourists as depicting them off their island, Barbados means nothing unexplored. The Bajans will take your money, but only in exchange for goods or services. I'll always remember the water who took me out on my first day and explained the local currency (one dollar BVI) equals 35 from Canadian in case I had never heard how. One day I bought a handful of the Bajans' perfume at the Sunset Crest Village drug store strictly advertising me about the best-known remedy for removing the signs of a sea urticaria out of my hair.

One reason why Barbados has been only slightly touched by the local tourism sweeping the Caribbean is that, unlike nearly all of the other islands, its

beaches are open to everyone. There is literally no segregation. Few Bajans have much money to spare, but you seldom find the tourist assumption sweeping away the local. The Bajans have gone natural dignity. Things get done with fascinating speed, even though no one on the island seems to be hurrying.

Barbados' national pastimes are cricket and soccer. Only North Americans play golf in the midday heat. The Brighton riding stable at St Michael's offer good rated arenas and there's an estimated range of beds for hire by the hour, day or week. I've even seen the kind of hotel that has a local artist's studio displays, but Sun Land's Castle on Long Bay is worth a brief visit. Built in Georgian style by a pre-19th century who finished it with money earned from the sale of Indian slaves from wooden ships, it eventually passed to Britain's Trollope family. The castle has been converted into a hotel, but you don't have to be a guest to tour it. In the Regency furniture museum or to enjoy a lemon squash and rain washed with water from the side of its glorious pool.

It's a Bajans custom for visitors to spend evenings at hotels often their first choice. One of the luxury establishments (usually the Sandy Lane, Coral Reef, Paradise Beach and the Macaroni) has weekly buffet dinners that equal in both quantity and quality, the very best of European cooking. Bajans specialists are flying fish (good once you push your way past the beautiful English cruise ship, hotel, fruit, game, and piped in. The larger hotels have weekly floor shows but there are no gambling casinos, and Barbados is definitely not the place to go if you're active night life is your kind of thing.

Our favorite hotel was the Barbados Beach Village, a Tourist House run at St James. It has two miles per lot, lovely all of them with a sea view. It has a wide unpretentious efficiency by a Barbados gentleman named Ronald Jones. A delicious breakfast is served on some balconies. There's a small pool, a large bar, a well-run restaurant, but best of all, it's the best atmosphere of being a guest you need on a good tropical holiday. (The highlight of our day was listening on the local radio station, to a serial called Jason Clay and a Lady of the Sea, presented with the theme of Typhoon Typhoon. I kept wondering what one heck did Jason is up to these days. And whatever happened to that nice young girl he heard from the museum in a story, with several well-known names.)

The most beautiful spot in Barbados (though looking back on it now, perhaps it really is, as we thought then, the most

beautiful spot on earth) is Crane Beach, on the island's southeast coast. The Crane Beach Hotel dining room overlooks the most romantic beach in the Caribbean.

Most of the hotels have tack-shops which supply everyday necessities. The Bridgetown specialty shops have imaginative accessories. Try Harnett's for Barbados home crafts, Barbados for jewelry and watches, Cave Shepherd for clothes and the Pelican Village for handicrafts. Shopping here is "in bond" which means duty-free purchases are delivered to the airport, where you pick them up before departure. Shopping can run up to 50% of Canadian prices. But unless you're obsessed by bargains you'll probably spend nearly all of your time as in the west.

Barbados is a great place to go and no one greater place to keep coming back to. ■

#### How to go, where to stay

Barbados charter between Sunlight holidays with rates including air, two- or three-bedroom apartments or studios with kitchenettes. The five apartment hotels to choose from are the Sunset Crest, Golden Sands, Meriville, Asia or Sandridge. Rates depend on apartment preferences and season. According to choice of accommodation, rates during peak season (December 16 to April 14) run from \$369 to \$929 return from October 14 to December 9. \$317 to \$328 return. As yet Sunlight are not chartered from western Canada to Barbados. The Vancouver Barbados office is heading to arrange special. Goldenbairn hosts this winter. Check your Sunlight agent for details.

Air Canada flies from Toronto to Barbados nonstop (five-hour flight) every Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Twenty-one day excursion fares in peak season (December 16 to April 14), \$792 return, low season, \$575 return, for a longer stay, \$364 return from Vancouver (via London) a 21-day excursion in high season costs \$467 return, in the low season \$458 return over 21 days. \$500 return. Also, the British West Indies Airlines fly directly from Toronto (one stop over without changing planes) Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Sunday and nonstop from Toronto on Saturday (since 1985 as Air Canada).

Wander offers one week package tours from Toronto to Barbados including hotel accommodation (at the Broomfield, Margaret Gardens, South Winds, Monterey or Half Moon Hotel), October 18 to December 13 at a fair rate of \$949 return.

# Zenith introduces solid-state Chromacolor II

It took a whole new television system to bring you the best color TV in Zenith history.

With a new, more powerful 100% solid-state chassis, Zenith Power Sentry voltage regulator for added dependability, and an advanced Chromacolor picture tube.

You get the best color picture we've ever brought you.

Solid-state Chromacolor II—built in the Zenith tradition of quality and dependability.\*

In a recent nationwide survey conducted by a TV service technicians' union, Zenith was named the most reliable TV brand in the country. Zenith's reputation for quality and dependability is well known.

**ZENITH** SOLID STATE CHROMACOLOR II

At Zenith, the quality goes in before the name goes on. Simulated TV pictures.



renowned carpenter who wants to learn how to build houses and I'll work for what his foreman thinks I'm worth. I start at 15 cents an hour and three months later I'm making a dollar an hour, not bad in 1946. The union rate is \$1.10. We frame houses first we put up the frames, the cement gang comes to pour the concrete and we move on to another site while the foundation is setting. Finishing includes putting up the wooden shell of a house, the main, siding and installing window and door frames, installing the windows and the outside doors, and whatever siding is needed. When we leave, the house can be lived up.

Some weeks after I start, a union organizer comes around to ask whether I wouldn't join the carpenters' union. "Well, I'm hardly better than a beginner. I couldn't pass for a union carpenter. But I'll tell you what. When the foreman tells you I'm good enough, I'll join."

Shortly after Sam had recommended to my employer that I was worth a dollar an hour, the union man was around again. "Sam tells me you're pulling your weight. Shall I make out your card?" Perhaps I should have told the boss that I had joined, but he only talked with the foreman, and he never seemed to me that I was there. One or two paydays later, though, he sought me out.

"I see you joined the union, just after

I raised your wages."

"Sam and the boys thought I might as well."

"I should have fired you!" He roared away. Sam laughed. "Don't take it so much. He always takes off like that."

The boss didn't lose any money on me. Four of us and one apprentice built a house a week for two years running.

The workman has become a millionaire. Realizing that alone he is powerless, he has given his own voice to the union, and now speaks in combination with 12 or 100,000 others through the voice of a \$20,000- or \$40,000-a-year union executive. Unfortunately, this places the executive in a position where he may belong to the same class and play the same golf course as the directors of the companies his members work for. By a process of psychological symptoms, he cuts himself off from his real-life member. Foremanhood is being the boss director at a union meeting.

The vast indifference which faces the workman everywhere, from the Prime Minister (who will forget his "maquis de la merde" by dinner to the television industry which pictures us as mindless fools, is met on our part with an equally huge network of resentment and hostility. For a great many of us who read newspapers — the poor man's university — the pictures of directors on

the financial pages show us the face of the enemy, and the formidable array of administrative personnel which seem to be required to run the simplest operations forms an evidence that we must win a costly battle. Perhaps because we are given the impression that we are merely a necessary evil, many of us hate our jobs and do them only out of economic need. We know that the nature of our jobs precludes the possibility of ever rising to our so-called level of incompetence.

And so we are, except for our immediate families and our friends who must perhaps put up with us, not really very nice persons to be with. We use a great many swear words. Some of us drink too much and most of us are probably responsible for the increasing consumption of tobacco.

One of the psychological effects of years spent at physical labor is the view that work that does not involve physical exertion is not really work at all. Wrong, of course, but by telling a stenographer or a constant fisher or a laundryman something of what that you are exhausted from writing a report for your boss. To the laborer a sedentary job seems like a holiday, a day off in a precious thing because of the absence of compulsory effort. To win a newspaper equates with the hope of heaven.

The nearest thing to pleasure in physical work is perhaps experienced by the tradesman, who can enjoy the intricacies of a job because his skill enables him to treat it as a problem-solving exercise. He may be a piece of labor, but he is still a laborer. He too has his moments and they are rarely felt at the hargaining table. He is not a man of means. Who really needs eight dollars an hour when he is already getting seven? That extra dollar asked does not mean extra value to be added to his efforts, or greater skills required and expended. It is a penalty. It is a form of revenge exacted from his employer because the labor of his hands is treated as a commodity, in a market where costs and values are manipulated as though they meant the same thing.

White Rock, B.C. is a little city rising on a terraced hillside from the northern shore of Squamish Bay. The wooded southern shore is in the State of Washington and forms a green backdrop for the blue sparkling waters of the bay. The foothills is so shallow that at low tide White Rock Beach is a tremendous playground, crowded in good weather with thousands of people at leisure. For the workman, however, it is a good job on the hillside, to look up occasionally at the splendor of sun and sky and wooded hills means a brief release from the captivity of the water at hand.

Phil Buchanan (which is not his real name) is not his

continued on page 60

# We're trying to immortalize the lightbulb



For a long time we've been trying to make a lightbulb that will last almost forever. And right now we think we've come some way to achieving that.

Because the bulb shown here lives 35% longer than an ordinary lightbulb. Which is why we call it the Westinghouse Extra Life Bulb.

And while we were developing it, we came up with this unique square shape, which increases the surface of the bulb so you get a better light diffusion. And what's more you eliminate shadows, so the light's easy on your eyes.



So all in all, you're getting a superior lightbulb which of course has gone through the same intensive Westinghouse quality testing.

The result is another Westinghouse exclusive. Admittedly our bulb may not be immortal (we're still working on that), but it's closer to being immortal than an ordinary bulb.



You can be sure it's Westinghouse

## Moskovskaya

The only genuine Russian vodka you can buy.

The world's best selling vodka.



# Fly in. Drive out.



Just fly in. Drive out. Tilden motorhomes leaving the airport every day. And fuel. And you have to drive home. Tilden will reserve ahead. Then, when you're back, look for Tilden's motorhome. We'll have most of the necessary items completed and ready for you. You simply step out, step in and away you go in a brand-new, new Chevrolet Impala or other

new car. There's no long wait in line. If you don't have a Tilden credit card, we'll accept almost any recognized credit card. And since there are Tilden stations in every major city, town and airport in Canada, just pick up the motorhome and reserve ahead. We'll have your car ready and waiting for you.

IMPORTANT NOTE TO OUR CUSTOMERS... If you book your rental car via Air Canada's reservations department, be advised that Air Canada may now endeavour to book your car with one of our non-Canadian owned competitors. When making such arrangements, we ask you to carefully specify "TILDEN" for attractive rates and friendly service. Better still book directly with us!

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### HARD HAT continued

Mass) did not like to see his workmen stop to stand and stare, even for a moment. It was a waste of his time. Like many a small contractor who has found himself in an economic trap where miscalculation may spell disaster, he had allowed himself to become overconfident, and his optimism with quality materials was an overestimate to shoddy workmanship. "That's good enough," was his favorite phrase.

He would not allow us to put up a scaffold to install the gutters on a house, and we would spend an hour on the edge of a roof trying to nail the wooden sections into place, somehow. The shingle boards that used to be from the subfloor before plywood came into general use had to be well nailed down to prevent squeaky floors, but he would say, "Why use two nails when one will do?"

It was a time when thousands of European immigrants were entering the labor force, many of them good tradesmen, and all of them anxious to make a quick buck in a new land. In an expanding construction market many of them organized themselves into little groups by taking any job and by working from dawn to dusk, Sundays and holidays. They earned their economic survival.

One day Buchanan said, "You know, I've been looking into my credit, and I'm losing money by keeping my guys on. I can save from 10% to 25% by letting my guys out on subcontract. I can get my basement done for \$300, the furnace for 75 cents a square foot, and the finishing for 45. If you guys want to work for that, okay. Otherwise, I won't be needing you after this week." Getting laid off is hardly ever a pleasure, but there are exceptions.

Ernie Winch, for more than two decades a CCF member of the BC Legislature and a thorn in the flesh of the Social Credit government, was an unrepentant socialist who felt compelled, during the postwar boom, to provide decent housing for the forgotten old-age pensioners. His New Vista Society rented, by one means or another, the 10% equity required to major provincial and federal government grants and loans and built many duplex houses and small apartment blocks in Burnaby at rents low enough to fit the already low incomes of the old folk.

The old ones felt us in no doubt as to the kind of workmanship he meant to have. "There is no reason to think that just anything is good enough for the old people. They deserve the best you can do and they should get it." But fragility of time and material was a consideration. Alvin Winch, the old man's son and our superintendent, was the most fabulously accurate estimator a contractor could have had. It was an amazing thing to nail the last piece of plywood shamb-



## Where do we stand? Where are we going? Do we or don't we have the energy reserves we'll need?

### Fossil fuels

Today, about two-thirds of Canada's energy needs are supplied by two fossil fuels—crude oil produced by conventional methods and natural gas. In oil industry terms, these are the "conventional hydrocarbons".

In addition to its reserves of conventional hydrocarbons, Canada has large reserves of other fossil fuels. These include oil from the Athabasca Tar Sands, heavy oil from the Cold Lake region of Alberta, and coal.

The Geological Survey of Canada has assessed the extent of this country's nonrenewable reserves of these fuels.<sup>1</sup> According to its estimates, the energy contained in remaining reserves of the conventional hydrocarbons, in the tar sands, and in the

heavy oil deposits, is equivalent to the energy of some 550 billion barrels of oil.

Coal reserves add the equivalent of approximately 450 billion barrels of oil for a total fossil fuel reserve equivalent to about 1,000 billion barrels.

In quoting these estimates it is necessary to add a word of caution. Since these reserves cannot be produced with today's technology—the deeply buried sections of the tar sands is a case in point. The bulk of the reserves of conventional hydrocarbons are so far from markets that only very large fields can be brought economically into production.

But even with these qualifications, Canada has available enormous reserves of energy from its fossil fuels

### Other energy forms

Today uranium and hydro power supply about 24 per cent of Canada's energy needs.

New hydro sites are available, but limited. It is expected that the major ones will be developed by 1990.

Increasingly, uranium will become a source of electric power, and technology expand the supply of energy from uranium as well as along development. The broader market, for example, will multiply enormously the energy available from this source.

And other energy technologies in being developed. Scientists are accelerating their research into nuclear fusion—the process by which the sun

<sup>1</sup>As reported in the federal government's recent publication "An Energy Policy for Canada".

produces energy. And the world can look forward to the day when the sun itself will be harnessed directly to supply many or all of our energy needs. Research in several countries has already advanced to the point where solar energy is being used on an experimental basis and, in some places, actually to provide energy for domestic purposes.

In the long term, Canada has an

abundance of energy.

But power from the sun and nuclear fusion will not be available for some time to come. There are problems in making coal environmentally acceptable and transporting it cheaply to the markets where it can be used. Consequently for the rest of this century Canada will continue to depend primarily on oil and gas for its energy needs.



A seismic rig explores the rock formations underlying the Arctic coast at Shoggy Point, Yukon Territory. This is part of the major Arctic exploration program which was begun in Imperial in 1966.



The heavy oil deposit in Cold Lake, Alberta, is one source of petroleum. The research now producing crude from this source began 10 years ago; it is now being conducted on a large scale.

## How much oil and gas do we have?

Fields currently producing are estimated to contain just under 10 billion barrels of oil and 53 trillion cubic feet of natural gas.

How long will these reserves last? If reserves are divided by current demand, the answer is 16 years for oil and 34 years for gas.

These figures can be misleading. Reserves of oil and gas don't exist in single large reservoirs; they exist in scattered fields. Production from some fields will start to decline sooner than others. Total production from fields now supplying Canada will start to decline within the next 10 years; their volumes won't be sufficient to meet demand in markets presently being served. As supply declines, energy from other fields or from other sources will have to come into production.

Canada has reserves to fill this gap. Large new reserves of natural gas have been found in the Canadian Arctic, and the industry is confident that continued exploration will discover more.

Oil has been discovered both in the Arctic and offshore in the Atlantic. They indicate that there is good reason for more oil exploration in both these regions.

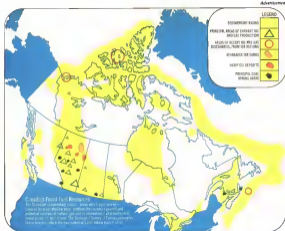
Then there are the Athabasca Tar Sands—one of the world's greatest reserves of petroleum energy. Only part of this deposit can be produced by present-day methods—but even this fraction is conservatively estimated to contain 65 billion barrels of recoverable oil. A plant there is now producing some 17 million barrels of oil a year.

There are also deposits of what is called heavy oil at Cold Lake, Alberta estimated to contain at least 10 billion barrels of recoverable oil. After years of laboratory and field research, it now appears that it may have been found to produce significant quantities of oil from these deposits.

## Timing

Reserves in the ground are large, but can they be developed to produce enough energy in time to meet Canada's needs?

Timing is critical in Canada's energy supply system. "Lead time"—the time between the moment of decision and the start of production—is a factor in every step the oil industry takes. It is particularly acute in the case of exploration, no one can say



in advance where and when oil and gas will be discovered, nor in what quantities. For example, Imperial searched western Canada for years before it discovered Leduc; the field stalled the way to the major oil development of the post-war years.

Imperial started a major exploration program in the Arctic in 1964—recognizing then that Canada would need very large new reserves of oil and gas, and that it would probably

take years to find and develop these. After nearly 10 years and the spending of more than \$300 million, Imperial has found some oil and made significant gas discoveries in this frontier. Other companies have made gas discoveries. Even so, assuming that the necessary transportation other permits are granted without undue delay, gas cannot move out of the Arctic to market before 1975—15 years after Imperial started exploring.

But timing is only one of the factors that affect Canada's energy supply. Another major factor is price.

## Price

Price plays a key role in the development of new geographic sources of oil and gas and of other energy forms.

The federal government publication "An Energy Policy for Canada" makes it clear that Canada's vast energy resources will only be brought to market if prices justify their development. The technology is available, for example to produce synthetic gas or synthetic oil from coal—and that makes our coal reserves environmentally more acceptable. But as the government paper pointed out, crude oil would have to move into the \$5 to \$7 a barrel range before coal gasification and liquefaction could become feasible alternatives to conventional oil and gas. (Today a typical Alberta crude sells, at the wellhead, for about \$4 a barrel.)

Development of the tar sands presents a similar situation.



Oil and gas production from proven Canadian fields will have to decline within 10 years.



Commenting on the pace factor in developing Canada's fossil fuel resources, the Canadian Society of Petroleum Geologists has stated: "Recognizing that our country's physical fossil fuel reserves are very large is of little comfort unless the energy sources are capable of being converted into recoverable, usable fuels."

The Society pointed out that discovery and development of potential reserves of oil and gas in Canada's frontier areas, the recovery of synthetic oil from the very large reserves in the tar sands and the processing (including the necessary desulfurization) of the huge coking reserves are all substantially more costly than developing conventional energy reserves in the past.

In sum, prices must be realistic if the developments are to go forward that will assure the supply of energy our country needs.

## The question of exports

Throughout its history, Canada has been a trading nation. Much of the country's economic growth and high standard of living result from its export trade.

International marketing played a key role in the development of the Western oil industry after the discovery of the Leduc field. Export markets made it possible for Western oil to serve not only the Prairie Provinces but Ontario and British Columbia as well. The Trans Mountain Pipe Line, for example, which serves British Columbia refineries, could not have been built without the Pacific Sealand market in the United States.

Exporters of petroleum also earn Canada foreign exchange needed to pay for the commodities it imports—including oil imported into Eastern Canada which, for economic reasons has never been served by Western oil.

Over the past century, however, the fact that export as well as domestic markets for Canadian crude oil and natural gas have been available has brought tremendous benefits to Canada. Exploration in the Arctic was started, and continued in the full realization that the tremendous resources involved could only be justified by continued access to these markets.

Large new reserves have already been discovered in the Arctic and the industry is confident that more will be found. However, if sufficient resources are not found, then the field



Some tankers leave off the Atlantic coast. A single well here costs as much as \$1.1 million.

will not be developed, the transport facilities will not be built—and exports should be curtailed. But curtailment of markets now—without regard to the potential of frontier production—would discourage not only the exploration that must be continued if Canada is to develop its energy supply potential in the North, it would also discourage the develop-

ment needed to bring other energy sources into production. Canada would sustain a very low energy level of supply from fields presently producing, but at the risk of becoming energy-deficient at these declines.

Canada has the resources to supply the energy it needs. However, the resources being developed today are, compared with the past, either geographically remote or technologically much more demanding—or both.

To assure energy supply, there is a need for the determination of long-range, stable public policies that will recognize the economic realities of land areas and prices. This will involve the participation of all concerned—including the provincial and federal governments and the energy industries.

Imperial Oil has been providing energy for Canada for more than 90 years. The company is confident that, with public appreciation of the facts, the energy resources of the country will be developed in time to meet the needs of the generations to come.

## Prices in perspective

Over the past quarter century, because world prices for crude oil have been depressed, and because of intense competition, petroleum energy has been available in Canada at bargain prices. The price of energy generally in Canada has been so low that, in the words of the Ontario Government Advisory Committee on Energy, it has been taken for granted and regarded almost as a free commodity—far more than 20 years, the price of Alberta crude oil has been lower than it was in 1948. In October, as this went to press, it was still only 16 per cent higher than it was in 1948.

—The price of natural gas delivered to customers in Toronto is lower today than it was in 1960.

—The price Imperial pays for base gasoline (the price at which Imperial sells gasoline to its dealers, excluding federal and provincial taxes) has increased only 21 per cent over the past 25 years; at the same period, the general wholesale price index has increased by more than 95 per cent, and salaries and wages have increased about 400 per cent.

Canadian crude oil price trends, per barrel



Natural gas price trends, per 1000 cu ft



Dealer price for base



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ing to the walls of an apartment block and to see that there wasn't a single loose bolt. My partner and I went out 12-foot stinger for the time being, and there was no allowance for error in this load, we simply took the truck during our lunch hour and bought another one from the local hardware store, at our own expense. No one said us to do it, it was expected.

It was expected, too, that every other day touched a wall must touch it over all its length so that not even a gap of paper could be pushed behind it. I discovered that it was possible to install the lock on a door, and make it fit with a rotating disk, in 15 minutes flat, and to keep on doing this all day.

The old man said, "This is not a business. We are providing good accommodation for people who need it. There is no profit here for anybody except the privilege to do things well."

An old lady from one of the shabby occupied apartment blocks up the street came over one day to look around and see if it was "Old time in building himself another jewel to wear in his beady crown. You'll see that." We looked at one another with much laughter at the possible response we might get from him, that confirmed old apostle.

I remember that lunch periods were always too short, with five or six talkative, hostile, sarcastic and aggressive socialist carpenters discussing the world and all its works (Who remembers the defunct? Carpenter Koo Irvine was, unfortunately, for the House of Commons in some forgotten election in the 1950s. Carpenter Griggs was for years a member of the British Columbia Legislative Assembly.) Who remembers Ernest Wink, now gone to his reward? And hundreds of old and forgotten people who for the first time in their lives, were provided with civilized habitation?

The work site is a 30-acre field, stepped down to yellow clay, with deeper excavations at east-point across the whole area. A barren, lunar landscape. Around the edges huge piles of topsoil and behind them, tall concrete pillars. In July, with the sun a shimmering golden funnel the very Van der Grijp saw, a day after it is a cloudless summer day, the place is an oven. Many of the carpenters have cut their avens off at the knees. Our hard bus seem heavy and they're too hot to touch, but they keep our houses from flying.

The mix is concerned with his veins and dotted with elevation pins. We are building forms for the concrete foundations that will make the bases for the concrete tower of an electricity substation, a transfer point for the power lines that feed Vancouver's industry. It seems like a tough, dirty job,

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600,000 Canadians will be applying for passports in 1974. If you plan to travel next year, now's the time to apply for your passport. And to avoid delays, complete and check your application carefully — 35 per cent of applications are delayed due to errors.



It is a stretch even for its capacity. Accompanying its expected premium is demanded, and any man who doesn't want to be a part of it, a part of an act that might well go beyond him. When we are finished with a man, the foreman sends a foreman from the engineering office to make a check of dimensions, positions, diagonals, lines, elevations. Our mast, so which the tall steel towers will be bolted, has got to be right. When the foreman has made his measurements and the errors on his little book, he presses thumb and forefinger together and raises his hand to salute. His grip of approval is an accolade. Right on!

The application of labor to material is a personal, individual thing. The work of a man's hands is a thing to be fashioned in a form of creation that has not yet existed. It is a trying out of half-known things, a groping for new ideas. "We have no art. We do everything well," expresses this feeling of labor as creation, and the Christian who takes a personal interest in his faith should wonder how it was that the Son of God came to earth as a man, to work with his hands and not a myth or philosopher. It is a mystery from the view of the workman as creative in that of the workman as engineer.

Look around you. Everything you see exists because it was made by human hands. The things that you see are human beings being used by men usually by an inhuman method called assembly-line production. The building you work in is the result of labor spent by thousands of men. The work on your part, the things you do, the things that are written, are never understood by the majority, not only of a series of individuals,



Meanwhile the workman, whose employer treats him as nothing more than some unruly, self-willed machine, to be turned on and off at the whim of market pressures can keep his sanity only by looking at the products of his hands as a contribution to humankind and not as an item for sale. Only by desiring to do things well can he remain a creator and not become a slave. ■



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#### Watergate, again page 21

Republicans that any potential President should be judged by the people served him, and that McGovern should have known about Eggleston. McGovern was portrayed as a bumbling fool for not having investigated the Missouri Senator's background thoroughly. Remember that Eggleston was picked as a matter of honor, forced out of the pack of potential candidates in the heat of a convention. President Nixon had months to examine the character and notions of his aides, to determine what they were doing in his behalf and, in my view, if he did not know what was going on, his fault was far more grave than any failing of McGovern's.

The weight of what we have learned so far, then, indicates that the President approved extraordinary and illegal maneuvers on the issue of political activity, at the very least, but also the same that aside possible such actions in the burglary of Dr. Ford's Los Angeles office. That burglary is traced as a means from E. J. Kelly and David Young, which Ehrlichman approved, suggesting that "a covert operation for espionage is necessary if the medical files still held by Ehrlichman's psychiatrist" (this contains a handwritten caution from Ehrlichman, "If done under your contract that it is not acceptable") and member came from Kelly to Ehrlichman, just before the burglary, referring to the "massive Hunt-Liddy project Number One." But the most intriguing evidence, for me, came out when Ehrlichman was on the witness stand before the commission, and seemed to be laying the groundwork for an argument that the burglary was perfectly legal. It was within the President's powers to order such an action, he said. While far from an admission that the White House had set the plan and approved it, Ehrlichman's lack of reasoning certainly seemed to point this way.

There is also evidence of the extraordinary intervention of the White House in the Ehrlichman case while it was still before the courts. Ehrlichman twice met briefly with Judge Byrne, the presiding judge, to find out whether he would be sentenced to his job as director of the FBI. Later, Nixon himself discussed the matter briefly with Judge William Byrne at the White House. Had any private citizen attempted to meddle with a case on that way, he could have gone to jail for his pains. The White House explanation of these meetings had nothing to do with the Ehrlichman case, and some people believe that, but then, some people believe the earth is flat, too.

#### Watergate and its Cover-Up

There is nothing to suggest that the President sanctioned or even had prior knowledge of the break-in at Democratic National Headquarters in the Wa-

tergate complex on June 17, 1972. There is, however, substantial evidence that he played a key role in the cover-up.

First, there is the undisputed fact that \$420,000, taken mostly from donations made to the Nixon election campaign fund, were distributed secretly to the seven Watergate defendants, their families and their legal counsel. Telephone booths, storage lockers and other public areas were used as money-drops for this legal aid, one source of which was a \$500,000 White House cash fund that was controlled by Haldeman. Haldeman said he knew about the payments, but denied that he had approved of them. John Dean, however, was sure that the money was to be used to buy the silence of the defendants. Herbert Kalmbach, formerly the President's personal lawyer, testified that Ehrlichman had arranged him, where he raised the issue, that these questionable payments were quite proper. Ehrlichman's version is that he does not remember any such conversation, and that he thought the money was for lawyers' fees or as a "businessman's" present.

There is nothing in the documents that settles the payoff question one way or the other, for the very good reason that, soon after the events of June 17, 1972, principal agents in the matter went on a paper-shredding orgy. Little of an incriminating nature was going to be left in writing from that day on.

But the paper-shredding itself was the crux of the cover-up. Gordon Liddy — legal counsel for the Committee to Reelect the President, a convicted Watergate conspirator and a Plumber — destroyed a shelf of documents, presumably those in which the techniques of political information-gathering were outlined (certainly they did not pertain to a future Walt Disney production). Jeb Stuart Magruder, deputy campaign director of the CRP, who had documents destroyed, including copies of the Watergate wiretaps John Mitchell's assistant, Fred LaRue, and Nixon's counsel, Herbert Kalmbach, had admitted to shredding records of the money distributed to the Watergate defendants. FBI Acting Director Patrick Glynn banned document takers from the staff of Howard Hunt, member of the Plumber. Finally, Maurice Stans, Nixon's finance chairman, destroyed reports of campaign contributions received before a new law forcing disclosure of campaign fund sources came into effect on April 7, 1973.

Nixon of these destructive forays proves that there was a direct link from the President's Oval Office to the cover-up, most of those who did the shredding had good reason to want to protect their own skins. Rather, what the shreddings show is how seamless, how manipulative and how widespread was the

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Fill the holes in your stockings.

## Bentley Christmas Lights.

On your left the Swan. On your right the Squire. From an assortment of Christmas lights by Bentley. A Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good light. Ho-ho.

seismite reflex to burn and bury the evidence.

There are two other names in connection with the cover-up that appear on the record. On June 30, 1972 — that is, three days after the Watergate break-in — Ehrlichman, Holdeman and the President met for two hours and 15 minutes in the Oval Office. Just before this meeting, Ehrlichman and Holdeman met for 90 minutes with the President's campaign manager, John Mitchell. Attorney General Richard Kleindienst and White House Counsel John Dean. The subject of both meetings was the same — Wa-

tergate — and it is clear from the record that those present knew quite a bit about the affair by that time. Mitchell, for example, knew of the participation of Liddy and Hunt, and about the activities of his own deputy, John Stuart Magruder; Dean had already talked to Liddy and Magruder and had apparently briefed Ehrlichman; Holdeman had talked to his own aide, Gordon Strachan, and Kleindienst had also talked to Liddy. How much of the collective information was passed on to Richard Nixon? Nobody knows, the crucial evidence is presumably on one of the White House

tapes which the President has so far refused to release either to the Ervin committee or Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox.

There was another meeting with President Nixon the day. At 6:18 p.m., John Mitchell talked to the President for a few minutes. He had been briefed, on the occasion, by his two campaign assistants, Fred LaRue and Robert Marden, about a long interview they had had with Liddy. The brief Mitchell-Nixon meeting was the first direct contact, apparently, between these two old friends, colleagues and former law partners since the Watergate arrests. What was said? Mitchell's story in the conference was that he apologized to the President for what had happened, but knew nothing more than the fact that five men had been charged (Liddy and Hunt had not yet been arrested). In fact, Mitchell knew much more than that, but what did he say? Again, the crucial evidence should be on the still withheld White House tapes.

Finally, as the cover-up, there is the direct testimony of Patrick Gray, the senior Acting Director of the FBI who says he telephoned Nixon on July 6, 1972, to warn him that some of his White House aides were trying to "intentionally mislead" the President by confining with the FBI investigation of Watergate. Nixon has never really answered Gray's ominous escape to say that he thought it related to the danger of compromising a CIA operation. In contrast, his reply to all the cover-up charges is that he left everything on the hands of one man — John Dean — and that Dean failed him, and failed to follow his orders to root out the truth about White House participation in the affair. Would the President really have left so many matters to one side, knowing the potential for conflict of interest? Would he really have put himself off from all the other potential sources of information — the FBI, the top aides, Ehrlichman and Holdeman, his close friend and political ally John Mitchell — and relied solely on the face-faced newscaster, John Dean? Perhaps, but if that is what he did, the incredible insensitivity of his action makes anything George McGovern did or said about by comparison.

#### The Dirty Tricks

To my mind, the dirty tricks campaign run by the Committee to Reelect the President was far more sinister than the Watergate break-in and misapprehension. After all, those were illegal acts which, once discovered, could be dealt with; the dirty tricks campaign represented something more, it defied the statute, the sacred and indisputable, toward the whole of political life. You could not bring the dirty tricks to a halt by re-ex-

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ag someone, you had to change the state of mind of almost everyone in the top echelon of the campaign. You had to break through the pervasive attitude as already reflected in the words used by Mitchell, Ehrlichman and Holmsten that, in the struggle for power, almost anything goes.

One day when I was going through memos in John Mitchell's file, I came across a number dealing directly and indirectly with Presidential campaign activities and tactics. There were dated as far back as November, 1971. I remembered that, during Senate hearings in

March, 1972, Mitchell had sworn under oath that he played no direct role in politics while acting as Attorney General (while it is normal and proper as Canadian politics for cabinet members to play such a role, American practice frowned on it) and here, before my eyes, was evidence directly to the contrary. I put the memo down for a minute, and I sat, out loud, "Jesus, that's really the way these people behave."

The way people behaved in the Presidential campaign was to play dirty tricks. There were the letters, on dummy stationery, during the Florida primary,

designed to smear Senator Muskie and directed before the Democratic nominating convention. Jackson might have made a stronger candidate than McGovern against Nixon, so might have Muskie. However, part of this vision that neither had the chance was due to the tricksters. Then there were the plans, laid out in two long meetings between Plumber, Liddy, Dean, Mitchell and Magruder, when Mitchell was still under Mitchell, which involved just tapping the Democrats, using old girls to blackmail Democrats at their leadership convention and kidnapping anti-Nixon leaders in radical poses. The budget for all these tricks was one million dollars. The plans were reported by Mitchell, and then scaled down to concentrate on wiretapping, at a budget of \$350,000. Mitchell denied that he approved even this version, but it is clear that the wiretapping program went forward, and doubtless that anyone other than Mitchell would have given approval for the financing of such an operation.

There were other dirty tricks, too, such as the planting of spies, in the guise of reporters, on city leaders and McGovern campaign staff. These spies would send daily accounts under one code name of "Chapman's Reports." Their job was not only to gather political information that might damage the potential candidate, but also to pick up bits of gossip that might be used against friendly reporters. In short, spying, including, as one of the agents put it so graphically and aggressively, "who was sleeping with who," that might aid the President and confound his enemies.

There was the list of enemies, too, and the series of documents suggesting how reporters, radicals and others who opposed the President could be harassed by the FBI and the Internal Revenue Service.

Did the President know of and approve these tactics? Well, let us look back to 1962, and the California race for governor between Richard M. Nixon and Edmond G. "Pat" Brown. It was later described as "the dirtiest campaign in California history" (which covers a lot of territory), and the dirtiest part of it was the attempt to make the moderate Brown appear dangerously radical and "talk on Communism." There were bumper stickers that said it knows itself, there was a campaign pamphlet called *The Little Red Book* which accused Brown of "collaborating with and supporting Communists," there were doctored photos, one of which purported to show Brown bowing to Khrushchev (the pose was actually cropped from a picture of Brown and a Russian girl). Finally, there was the Committee for the Preservation of the California Democratic Party, a mysterious body that circulated a question-

naire, purportedly to ask Democrats for their opinions but in reality to attack Brown and persuade them not to vote, or to vote for Nixon. The questionnaire asked for donations to be sent to its headquarters which, by a touching coincidence, turned out to be at Nixon's campaign building. The Democrats got a court order banning circulation of the questionnaire, but they weren't the only ones who sued Nixon. Los Angeles county Republican leaders had sued to make him change some of the hundreds of thousands of dollars in party revenues which were to have been shared with other candidates but which the gubernatorial candidate snared for himself.

Nixon's response when he was charged with dirty tactics was the now famous reply that he knew nothing of what was going on and that somebody else must have done it. The somebody else who ran that campaign were H. R. Holmsten, his campaign manager, John Ehrlichman, his advance and logistics man, and Herbert Klein, press aide, all of them went on to White House glory and played key roles in the 1972 campaign.

There is no question that the leader sets the tone of a political campaign by his own conduct, by the manner he approves and disapproves and by the people he hires and fires. In this way, the leader signals to his subordinates what he will and will not tolerate. The President now says that some of his "overzealous" supporters went too far in 1972, even further than anything he would approve, when they launched the dirty tricks campaign. What was a so-called "overzealous" supporter supposed to do in the 1962 campaign, and of the subsequent hiring of his advance to work in the White House?

All this intrigues about American mudrocks may tend to make Canadian complacent, but in my view such complacency would be wrong. I have already said that Canada could have a Watergate. Indeed, in the area that concerns us most — political dirty tricks — we have already had it, not once but hundreds of times over. One that has only to look at the one platform made by dozens of candidates in any provincial or federal election.

What follows is but one small example taken from my own observations. In 1967, when I was only 25, I was a delegate to the Progressive Conservative leadership convention in Toronto, the one that chose Robert Stanfield as leader (I was a PC then, but not necessarily now; like many Canadians, I'm presently undecided). I am proud to say that I had plucked myself to support Donat Feilmon. After the fourth ballot, Feilmon dropped out, leaving only

continued on page 76



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Stansfield and Menzies. Premier DuFur Roblin is a politician because crucial for Fulton, looking like he to know which way Fulton was going himself and how he wanted to use our ball-balls. What finally convinced him that Fulton was needed to water his field. However, he did not want to influence his followers in any way, he felt that they had come the right to vote as they saw fit. (As a matter of fact, I was standing next to him at the time and he clearly indicated that he personally would vote for Stansfield but that his followers were in no way concerned.) In my opinion, a dirty trick statement Fulton's intention. As the Fulton fight came down, Stansfield's reputation remained around the action in strategic spots replaced them with Stansfield's sign. One mistake we, the delegates, were making Fulton because, the next, in the same spot, we saw Stansfield sign in the microphone that was Mike's last. Gooden, whose commission among the delegates and between delegates and their constituents was almost impossible, this was a clear signal — Fulton was going to Stansfield and his supporters should do the same.

Did that trick out Roblin the nominee? I don't know, any more than I know whether the phony Menzies letter referring to "Canada" downed the Menzies Senator's election. However, I remember delegates who had pledged themselves to Fulton subsequently telling me that they had voted for Stansfield solely because of the impression the changed sign had created. This could not be termed "dirty" or "cheating," though, it was highly unusual. And I can't help wondering about the long-term effects for Canada. Would Roblin have lost as badly to Pierre Elliott Trudeau as Stansfield did in 1969? And, in 1972, when Stansfield seemed to shake defeat from the jaws of victory, would Roblin have done better? Would we have a different government today if it were not for a political dirty trick?

Canadian who think our politics don't contrast the same elements as the American campaign are fooling themselves. In Quebec, as anyone knows, it has become traditional to fiddle with the election lists, turning off friends and friends while others the vote is likely to prove advantageous to the party in power. It is also standard practice to reconstitute with the same or a similar name in one of the standard candidates, in the last provincial election, two Liberals appeared on the bill for the Parti Québécois leader's riding.

Campaign funds could be as badly misused in Canadian elections as in American ones, and we wouldn't even know it. We do not have any rigorous disclosure laws — not even anything to match the U.S. — on our books. This,

despite a century of spurious canards of dishonesty since the Pierre Stansfield looks on the Canadian horizon in 1992.

Not only would we have a Watergate (and we have had remember, a great many members of the House of Commons, from senior barons over stuffed bullet holes to such major upheavals as the Doreen Inquiries, the Hal Banks case and the Wilfrid Laflamme of Gerda Munnings), but we could have a cover-up too. According to an official in the Justice Department (it's far from clear whether or not political wrongdoing is illegal). The regulations governing disclosure of evidence are much more restrictive here than they are in the U.S. The American found out about Watergate largely through a series of leaks — a leak of investigative reporters who would not be put off Judge John Sirica, who remained unshaken in his search for the truth, and James McCord Jr., a witness who broke and talked. A reporter



in Canada would have to maintain strict loyalty, lucky breaks to bring it out into the open.

This is not to say of course, that a Canadian Watergate would be exactly the same. The election process here is much more decentralized. Candidates do not run for a prime minister, they vote for a local Member of Parliament, if there is to be interference with the normal political process, it will not take place in Ottawa, but rather in dozens or even hundreds of riding association offices across the country. There is no motive to coordinate Canadian dirty work, and all that means is that it would be even more difficult to detect.

Nor do I believe that there is anything in the Canadian character morally superior to the U.S. Nothing in our history shows us to be less susceptible to sleazy practices of true journalism. Sir John A. Macdonald's election, seven years over a 100,000 Rensselaire (Bourbonists wouldn't) and nothing in our law suggests that we are more ig-

nant in such matters. In the long run, of course, the quality of politics does not depend so much on law as on the prevailing attitudes toward politics, and nothing I have seen suggests that Canadians are any less concerned with winning at any price than Americans.

Therefore, while I feel that we could have a Watergate — maybe even have had it and not known it — I also think it would take a more deplorable first than in the U.S. I think too that we would recover from it more swiftly. We have on our side that ancient, beloved, but still serviceable and civilized institution, the parliamentary system.

In the first place, parliament would keep a Canadian Watergate well brushed, from being underground to focus, as it did in the U.S. (The essential elements of Watergate were revealed before and during the Presidential campaign, but it was possible for the public to dismiss the evidence as a political stunt, and for the President to ignore it.) A Canadian prime minister is on display every day that parliament sits. He cannot continuously refuse to answer legislative questions in the House of Commons.

The second major advantage of the parliamentary system is that it is a system, unlike from parliament that is introduced by Watergate — namely, in the deficit of the government responsible. No Canadian leader could remain in power with the representative necessity against him as Nixon has done, so Canadian leaders could survive far long the constitutional loss of confidence that has been experienced by the American people. When I was in Washington, the main striking thing about that city's atmosphere was the feeling of instability. I never had lost the ability to go to sleep at night, but it was also clear that he could not be replaced (immediately) without replacing (and has become more so, with the resignation of his once potential successor, Vice-President Spiro Agnew), and resignation has become ruled by his own interests. Americans are faced with three main years of potentially late-dark leadership, because of what *The New Republic* calls "the faded face" of the American administration. "Which," "Canada could have got that thing over in three months."

This does not mean of course, that we should relax in our attacks of superior self-confidence, the fact that we could recover from a Watergate is a moral advantage, an accident of our history. It is important, but it is not vital. What is vital is the will being of any state in the kind of moral judgment we bring to bear in the political arena, and the kind of behavior we demand from our leaders.

In this vital area, we have nothing to feel complacent about. ■

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Minutewide back in Scotland, the crulls were drawn so that the firms and buses could be loaded in sheep farnen from the Lowlands and England. In July, 1773 200,000 sheep were victims of the Highland Clearances and sent for Poona, New South, in the British somewhat less than a half-century ago. You could pick pieces of wood out of her sides with your bare hands. Small-pox, measles, etc., the people took 15 weeks, and at the end they were living on the scraps of scraps. But they arrived where people as only the claimants. It was time to the screaming tone of a saw-mill pipe. These and the various other things, because the pipe makes across the Crown Street and into Cape Brown, where a mill for the Academy is

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72 JACQUES FAVRE AND JAMES E. HANCOCK

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and a cow music was born. By 1850, more than 25,000 Highlanders had come to make their home on the island, and how they've spread themselves out across the country since is somewhat more than a song or a story.

"Conflict wasn't the big thing. Our star door neighbors were Protestants. My father taught me probably the best lesson of all — to be able to get along with people of diverse faiths and of diverse political persuasions. The big thing wasn't a conflict of religions. The big thing, when I was growing up, was whether a guy was a Liberal or a Tory."

It's called going on into the world. He's got a gun that says it all, but I've seen some kids out there when my questions are coming from Penicillin. I don't care what anybody wants either to agree or believe as long as they don't go around hitting people over the head with it. But I'll have to admit here that, although I like the case, I'm even more at bay about any performer who goes around publicly making himself a Liberal Catholic from Cape Breton. I can't help looking at it as a warning. And I have more than half a hunch that anybody who's not a Liberal Catholic from Cape Breton will more or less feel the same way. But that's all, because, given his own control on his own terms, he's a whole lot more than just a libelous, outrageous kind of guy.

I grew up in good old southern Scotland, and the kind of things he grew up in were about as close as it, say, the fourth house in a subdivision is to the woods. So in between times, as I kept having to change verbs, the talk is pretty well equally divided into natural events and human respect, which my Nova Scotia can tell you is the best here for a (twisting) time. A People run like cows, they say, they sometimes like the long way around. Meanwhile, back in the Actual Life story, it was five and a half miles from Glenora Station, where John Arliss grew up, to Port Road Academy, where he went to high school. "Which was a romantic expression. I love that word. Because you're coming from the country, where you're pretty isolated. There was an underlying inferiority thing there, working between a person who was really brought up in the country and the kids who were brought up in town. I mean, they were the" — he taps his fingers — "the people with the televisual presence, at centers. And coming from the country, sometimes your teachers, the teachers I had, a lot of them didn't give me that much confidence in my intellectual ability. I remember one teacher told me I didn't have enough intelligence to get out of grade six. And I never forget that. And I don't like that. In fact, that stayed with me for a long, long time."

Most of the guys he grew up with  
continued on page 78

## Most new homes built today are more expensive to heat than they should be

...but don't blame the builder.

The insulation a builder puts into a house today meets the building code standard, the minimum standard for reasonable cost and comfort. But, this standard was set by the government a long time ago and it lets a lot of heat go through the roof. Sure, when oil, gas or electricity didn't cost much, turning up the thermostat a notch or two didn't seem like a big thing. But, today, in the face of an energy crisis, with fuel costs going higher and higher, it's more important than ever to have a house with more than yesterday's minimum standard of insulation.



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dropped out of school after grade 10, and started working in the woods at eleven. A few left for Ontario or Boston with their friends. But John Allen got his senior matriculation, and eventually he went on to get three degrees. In 1957, before he left for the Ottawa Brewery in Ottawa, the furthest he'd been from home had to be a couple of trips each to Sydney and Antigonish. New work, perhaps, held him in Ottawa only for as long as it takes to suggest the style of his books. The poems can be called the serenity of the apostle. He got a dispensation and left the Ottawa brewery late in 1963.

"The only reason I left, in both cases to see word, beauty."

He left with the self-discipline of a Roman colonialist. Latin, a degree in Agronomy philosophy, and a guitar. He felt he couldn't go home. He took a job as a Canadian buyer in Toronto, then spent for \$35 a week. His father said that January, and John Allen came home for the first time. It wasn't easy. "There was all that particular thing which was known as the L-Left. The Secretary, and you wouldn't mind with a great big FALCON written on your back."

John Allen first met Gus MacKinnon at a concert at Glenora, Inverness County, on July 12, 1964. Gus was wearing a red coat, a red sweater, and typing them. But his morning show on CJFX, in Antigonish. The first time he played John Allen on the air there, the board was swamped with positive calls. They became good friends, working in prior to their careers, called Canada (any-ten), and Gus got John Allen done all over the area and even in Boston and Maine. Though there was a week missing involved. John Allen called in Antigonish, Nova Scotia University in Antigonish that fall, and lived in a small apartment on the main building at CJFX. Not to have five other Gus had a talk with Clyde Norm, the station manager. There was a week later, John Allen on the air for about a week, then ran across the campus to classes when the news came on. Every couple of months he'd come up with a new tape and the people of the area got to know him well. He'd play to everyone for everybody, and people's homes, the whole world. Gus MacKinnon's mother used to cook chicken for him. He didn't have a great voice, but he was immediately in contact with the whole audience, no matter where he played. He always kept a sample, but he was never serious or come. And it was this, as much as how he was the only guy who could play it right in a 12-hour period that made him unique. The fiddle case was "I'm not at all apologetic about the type of music I do, sort of thing. And too many people have been in the past. Too many

continued on page 76

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**Royal Reserve.**  
By Corby.

CAMERON continued

people regard this music as just three or four old charts. You know, *You Take The High Road* and *I'll Take The Low Road*, and *Roomie In The Gloamin'* and *A Wor Dash Ain' Dora*, sort of thing. And it's not that's out to prove otherwise."

And so it goes. After St. FX he came to Halifax, started playing the lounge there, post-sipping on *Songbook Jubilee* and the *Don Messer Show* on CBC television, and he enrolled in education at Dalhousie University. "I couldn't think of anything else to do." After a difficult year teaching high school in London, Ontario, he came back to Halifax and finally got around to deciding to go into his music full time. He joined Songbook in the summer of 1965 for the duration, and started a tough grind of clubs, cafeterias, lounges and concerts. He paid his first manager \$4,500 in the first year alone, and cut his first album, *Meet Camer John Allan Cameron*, for Apex. ("Which was pretty crude. I didn't know the first thing about mixing. We did the whole thing in 10 hours. But the quest was there.") It sold 10,000 copies in the Maritime alone. He played the Newport and Mariposa Folk Festivals, Chatham, the Grand Ole Opry on his tour, a cross-Canada tour with Tommy Makem of the Clancy Brothers, and a two-week engagement at the Majesty's Theatre in Aberdeen, Scotland. But he was still John Allan. "I think that it's a bad idea for any performer to take off to major cities after getting a bit of recognition in their hometown. So many guys get lost in the stars they're trying to become. I think it's wiser to stay home and gain more confidence, sort of thing, and at the same time build up a reputation of professional material and let it develop from there."

Louise's T. Rambow comes originally from Smith Brook, Cape Breton. He's a stocky man in his late thirties, and he wears a Funchie Villa anorak. Sunday he wants to be Premier of Nova Scotia, he's that ambitious; but right now he does nothing else except run Rambow Limited, the company that manages Anne Murray and, as of the spring of 1992, John Allan Cameron. The story goes that one day in 1968 Leonard was walking along Spring Garden Road outside the Lord Nelson Hotel in Halifax and happened to bump into John Allan for the first time. Camer's MacKinnon had been on a television special the night before, which Leonard thought to be somewhat rare for this fanfare. But for the next 15 minutes John Allan told Leonard an after-after thought he thought was going to be great someday, perhaps even bigger than any of them could ever imagine. And she had a new album out with Air Records called *What About Me?*, and her name was Anne. It's a long way from

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# Stereo components for people who don't know a whole lot about stereo

## from the people who do.



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Smith! Back to Los Angeles!

"I can't like the show-like thing. I love performing for people, 'cause I probably get all these things that the audience gets off on me getting at. I want to please myself to people as myself, not as a phony, formal, perfect thing. Sometimes you see some of those stage productions, you see a guy walking along the stage, and you see his guest — this lady will come out. And there are two chairs and a guitar. And he looks at her and he says 'Why don't we stop a song together?' I mean, this happens so much. And she says 'Ohhh, wouldn't that be delightful? I'll be right here!' So he says 'Why don't we sit down?' And he sits down and he picks up the guitar and he plays! It's dumb, though, I think it's so stupid. The whole of my existence goes back to treating people on a human level. As people."

Meanwhile back in Antigonish Gas MacKinnon was busy organizing a "100 Préludes Festival" for the summer along with Frank MacLennan, a school teacher from the area. A mix of children of young poets came up, and they had a singing school, and they were teaching Gaelic in the schools there, and they had dancing and games in the Legion halls. And that's not the half of it, because there were 10 programs for regional co-

operation on the CBC television network this summer, produced in Halifax and called *Cape Breton* and featuring John Allan Cameron in how to what can only be described as a crowded Cape Breton fielding attack.

"I've made statements before that I hope to do concerts in Cape Breton all my life. And I still hope so. But, then again, being a performer, I will still ultimately have to take orders from the management, sort of thing. Something that I've learned, and a lot of people don't understand — let's say a lot of country people or the Cape Bretoners, all don't understand — is that I'm in this because very seriously, sort of thing. And they still regard me as the guy from down the street, sort of thing, or on the next farm. And they don't like you that seriously, well, you're just making some noise. You know, driving a car around a man's name. But when I go home I feel I owe it both to myself and to the people in the audience to make that I'm heard at my best."

People back home were reluctant to buy John Allan's first Columbia album, *Get There By Dawn*, though they were positive about it. ("It's very Torontoish," they told me when I called him, "and not the kind of thing he does best. The whole question is, it's like to

be something else that he's not, will he lose it?") The new album, *Lord Of The Dawn*, business partners not everybody can afford to buy the kind of tapes that have everything. Apart from that it's gone: The songs are a mixed bag, and range, at least from incredible to terrible and fantasmagorical.

"They tell me I'm overly 'legitimate,'" it began again to spin of itself, like once upon a time. It's a couple of weeks later and he's six, maybe seven, songs into his opening set at the Riverboat conference, Toronto, which is somewhat more than a different adventure into the love of everyone listening. And it's from the *Homesick Towers*, Toronto. But he's still John Allan. At the Riverboat it's sold tickets, live hits, jugs of beer, and people of the kind that make it the biggest city country music show in Canada 1977, out from showmanship and they love both him and his song. The Riverboat, on the other hand, is all intimate booths and traditionally authentic listening goes, so for the place where folks such as Neil Young, Neil MacNeil, Murray McLachlan, and Bruce Cockburn bring their big stars. It's called encouraging a song without killing it. John Allan can play in both places, probably because his material ranges everywhere in individuality, in an individual understanding. He won't be killed at the Riverboat.

"It's the truth."

He says it offhanded, like the biggest truthmaker this side of Sydney Mines. In the middle of a heartland song that somehow turns into an intro for a song with a musically Cape Breton cadence. Like it's a tough life, too, but nobody's out to prove anything about his misanthropic slights to his own people and hard to be someone more of us than you very much, an already doing for alienating and interlocking ourselves and each other almost out of existence anyway. So why don't you grab your 50-cent harmonica and sit yourself back, because this song here's not half bad. Only he's too polite to say a like that. It comes out with that hint of a weak attack.

"Is there anybody here tonight from Glenora?"

Some of the songs go back 500 years, to when real luxury built birds at better than anyone could ever remember, and they come out of him mind. Waiting for them, he's got his nose under that couple of inches under that double chin, so he has to cough a bit, like a contrived waiting for the peak to drop. And so he'll have a bit of leg room, you know, to show at what the song comes from with his face when he's inclined. The Riverboat will never be the same again. He works as all over with this gentle toughness, like a warm parent, and then the music takes over, building,

building, and, since it's a good night, the lyrics fly out of him like the birds of joy itself.

*I'm a river, million acres,  
I'm a river of high spirits,  
It's where I'm drinking I'm always drinking.*

*How to join my love's company?*  
The audience comes from everywhere but the best of a song kindly well knows where it comes from, and it gets the kind of respect people can't help feeling for someone who's had it tougher than them. Someone who's working it by himself. It's as if, just by his being here, something suddenly happens and I am into the love of everyone listening. And it may seem kind of silly, and it might ask for something new today — the willing suspension of disbelief — but the place is packed. He stops the song with a shout — "Yes!" — and it's over. They start around and pick up his fiddle to finish off the set. There's no one like him.

"Are you ready for this, now?"  
The first twelve year small world, weary mixed crowdmen left over from the Sixties ("Well, it's different"), butchers with short hair and well-scrubbed beards from North York ("It's not as hot as last some good music for a change"), an extremely well-known section of disappointed Marxists who have almost made it in the big city ("Sing it again then, John, sing it again"), some people's grandparents ("I remember when I was a little girl, and..."), a couple of hard core country and western fans, Nashville style ("He should go on the road with somebody really big, like Buck Owens..."), four men that married maddy married gentlemen, respectively from Glasgow, Scotland ("Mya, mya, mya..."), and a strange variation group of academics and social workers ("Awwwwww..."). All of whom know he's married with a kid but who love him dearly anyway. ("John is the only one to be a poet or something.") Nobody will ever quite know what to make of him, but it has to be incredible, the way it all works.

"This next song was written by a friend of mine named Dan Hynde MacKachters, and it's not a song as you would think because it hasn't any words." Up goes the bow and down comes the foot, and a matter of moments has everyone in the place holding and pumping their heads and feet together. When he's through he'll take the time to shake hands and have a chat, but he doesn't believe in autographs. It may not be your usual cultured kind of art but it works: as sure as myodons don't grow too well on Moody soil. ■

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BLACK VELVET

#### FEAST VIEWS 39

dry southern seeds, *Arise!* and the peculiar way some people speak, dance and enjoy themselves are looked on by the governments of Canada — federal, provincial and municipal — as its essential national treasure. All across the country it's dancing on people that alone, like black is beautiful, in certain circles multiculturalism almost rivals biculturalism as a word with cachet, especially since the voting power of those Canadians who are not members of the two founding races has swelled to such an extent that its recognition is a political necessity.

The federal government now deems cultural differences so worthwhile, a new multicultural section has been set up in the Secretary of State's department with a special minister, Dr. Sweeney Hudson, directly responsible for its general policy. It finances cultural activities from the Ottawa Valley to Cape Breton Island; funds films, newspapers and books that keep alive traditions; other than Anglo-Saxon and French, and recognizes a phenomenon that's been spreading through the land for the past decade — the folk festival.

Starting in the Maritimes, the Gaelic Society puts on a Folk Arts and Crafts Festival in Quebec, there's the Romanian Musical Spectacle Continuing west, there's Dauphin's National Ukrainian Festival in Manitoba, Edmonton's Hungarian Dance Ensemble in Alberta, the Latvian Song Festival in British Columbia, and others too numerous to mention.

But the biggest and briskest of all the folk festivals in Toronto's annual Metro International Caravan. This may seem odd thing since that city is *Mexico* for about 30% of all our immigrants and, in any case, wouldn't it make bombings or outdoor bombings, Toronto events are always the most festive and flamboyant.

I was to the year's Caravan entirely for gaudy reasons (it features the food of more than 30 nations). But I also wanted to observe the interaction between the city's old Wops and new effluvia, to look at the balance between prejudice and tolerance that might reveal something of our future actual behavior.

What I found was a party, an exhibition, a sympathy that gives every one of us, ethnic or not, a reason for public celebration. If Caravan is any indicator, multiculturalism would now over to be one of the last things that ever happened in Canada.

Caravan has been in operation for five years, with help from provincial and municipal funding. Any nonprofit or charitable group with energy and a certain amount of organization can take part in it save the Chinese organizers consider everyone an ethnic. Your attention might have come May 35 or

1,000 years ago, like the French Canadians or the Indians (both have parties in Caravan). No matter.

In fact, nothing would delight Canadian organizers more than to have a large province organized by 600 immigrants from a United Church or Anglican background. Enthusiasm runs out to be low for such a display but the unexpected popularity of Caravan — 1,350,000 visits to pavilions were clocked this year — is due in part to the positive response of just four Torontoites whose night-time grandsons never spoke anything but English, who

usually eat roast beef and butter tarts, and whose folk-dance activities are limited to watching the cheerleaders count-off before a football game. If Toronto Wops didn't supply an appropriate audience, lined up by the hundreds at some air-conditioned loads in 90-degree weather with paper plates in their hands, waving in happy ecstasy for a lady of Transylvanian marksmanship or Waterville triple, there would be little purpose in celebrating the festival year after year.

Torontoites local to Caravan on a plot of the site of Waterloo, standing out in the

continued on page 66

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#### FEAST continues

and/or beer gardens which like decent flowers are typically blown on the barren soil of downtown pavement for 10 days in the heat. They rush to these oases in community halls, such as Budapest on College Street. La Vallee de la Vierge on Front Street and Yerevan, is a test, an Ajax (The other Yerevan is in Armenia).

The pavilions have my rather than national notes — a compromise that takes account of the forces of ethnic pride and repugnance. Family quarreling is so embedded in ancestral custom as spring wedding classes, fireworks and the Easter *dobka*. So although there were more than 50 pavilions in the festival, the doesn't mean 50 nations were represented. More like 25. Odessa, Kiev, Poltava and Kolomoysy were Ukrainian. Odessa and Tiras were Polish, and the Yugoslavs had at least four pavilions. Even the Spaniards ran a large group in Canada, colored Spanish and Madrid.

At first I thought the pavilions were like night clubs, only cheaper. One three-dollar entrance fee as "passport" lets you see the show in every pavilion, every night of Canada, and the cost of food and drink is minimal. But after three nights of potting, walking, sucking and sweating, it became clear that Canada was not a series of ethnic enclaves held in a country fair in the middle of one of Canada's largest cities. The majority of people who visited the pavilions and restaurants were Canadians. Whoever I spoke to, from a Hungarian garden like Mrs. Leslie Eades, wife of the "Mayor" of the Budapest Pavilions, to Father Gregory, Rector who organized them, their enthusiasm, if not their organs, was identical. The pride they felt in showing their culture to the rest of Toronto was worth the time and sweat they went into the pavilions. Only next year it would be even better.

I met a man at Seville who told me he was born in Luxemburg, Nova Scotia, and was working in Toronto as a mechanic. He said he liked Canada because he could talk to strangers without feeling embarrassed. As though to prove his point, a group of Filipino girls began to gossip with him about the different shows. A Spanish waiter came over and recognized one of the girls. "You're one of the sisters at the bank where I cash my cheques." He offered all the girls, and the merchant from Halifax, sangra, on the house. My companion shyly wondered about whether the singer was worth trying. A man sitting at the table with his wife and another couple, passed her his glass for a sip.

Complaints from the crowds were few, although I found most of the pavilions had crowded and some showed untidy long. I remember with horror a group of Korean employees all squeals and screams, singing *They're the*

*Heart Of Rome* to the accompaniment of a saxophone, xylophone, and an electric guitar. I did hear some speculation in the Kiev pavilion about the policy of the second-story floor in the packed sidewalk waiting for the dancers to sweep in. (All Slavic dancing starts with a sweep) But the parents of the Ukrainian aristocrats on the walk, including an 11th-century princess, Oliva, a student and a 23rd-century blond gentleness who looked like Lenin but (nearly wise), must have acted as a charm. The audience never did fall through the floor onto the cabbage rolls and pierogies being served below.

It was impossible to taste how good or bad the food was at each pavilion. How can you compare between varied cuisine with language? There was other reason for not trusting about the texture of the party on the floor of the male world. Most of the pavilions served their food Canadian style because of the huge size and mobility of the crowds. And some had resorted to food prepared by Canadians. Although the food served in each pavilion was typical of that particular region, it was not (with certain exceptions) the best example of its kind. It is possible though to divide the pavilions into gastrocultural blocs, starting with:

#### 1. The Poppy-Seed-Cabbage-Roll-And-Blintz Bloc

The largest number of pavilions belonged to Central Europe stretching as far as the western boundaries of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. The connecting links between Budapest, Kiev, Bratislava, Vienna and the Blue Danube were poppy seeds scattered in the cakes and suspended between smothered cabbage rather shredded for kasha or left in the last for sautés, and palatinas or blintz, a thin pancake sometimes stuffed with sauerkraut, sometimes sprinkled with sugar.

All these pavilions are blessed in my mind, political and regional animosity notwithstanding. (A Latvian gentleman, eating horseradish in central Valais, said not firmly he would never put his foot in Volga.) The right-left politics of this bloc had to be treated diplomatically no matter what you were eating, drinking or watching, and I owe my life from the last of these fadings that the only honest statement to be made about the Central European factors was this: one bit on by the young son of a friend, who was writing a school essay on the political and economic situation in that part of the world. "In Russia," he wrote with wisdom, "before the revolution, the people were happy and gay except they were starving to death."

Astoria has to be included in this bloc despite the respectable geographic problem. It was last settled by Russian Jews such as David Ben-Gurion and continues on page 12

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### 3. Feast continued

Golda Meir, who obviously can't get rid of a yen for Pan-Slovak pastries, even though most regional dishes are making cultural inroads.

The pavilion was supposed to be a replica of the Arab stalls in the Old Jerusalem market. The blouses were made by a sister, but one man was trying falafel (deep-fried chick-pea paste eaten between the leaves of Arab bread) as photo view for hours on end. A group of Gossens in Israeli blue and bare feet, ultra-stylish, tried to get the dancing late-eight crowd interested in postapocalyptic folk dancing. That well-known beach tune, *Never On Sunday*, was struck up and a few miniskirted hookers, Zorba style. When I remarked to one of the girls that the tune was Hallesque not Hebrew, she said, "We got from going this way, then teach them the boys."

### 3. The Herring Bisc

Similar plates of *herring bescer* herring in Amsterdam, Valencia, Scandinavia and Latvia revealed the existence of a smaller gastronomic bloc. (Originally I thought Latvia being led to the bloom bloc; the peasant girls wear the same soft-soled slippers but the presence of herring and blood birds convinced me otherwise.)

In Amsterdam, a showman especially imported from Holland carved wooden ships while the crowd, wearing Japanese things, looked on in fascination. Men dressed in one of Holland's many national costumes formed a circle to dance with women in cheap and cheap black aprons. A strongly familiar girl, dressed in the traditional Dutch costume, seemed to know the dance better than most. I suddenly remembered the last time I saw her: the night before she had been seen in her bare feet trying to teach the boys in the Jerusalem pavilion. I was sure she was a real *Amsterdams* but now the wadded cup and small skirt made me question her *Danish* fervor.

She explained: "I belong to the University Settlement House Dance Group and to do the others. We dance at Jerusalem, Amsterdam and one of the Spanish pavilions." It was a blow to vanity, but I figured she would look great in a miniskirt in 'veel.

Valencia, of course, was Scandinavian Meir. Scandinavians are Latvians and the organizers of the pavilion were no exception. It was gratifying, comradely speaking, to notice that Valencia was based in the Catholic Information Centre, and, gastronomically speaking, to realize that a delicatessen had made the delicious open-faced sandwiches on authentic Finnish bread.

### 3. Empanadas and Pastelitos: The Latin American Bloc

I didn't realize until Carriazo that so many Latin Americans are willing to



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'Tis better  
to give and  
to receive.

live in the far north. The festival had a Mexican pavilion and a czechoslovakian called the Pavillon Of The South American. A couple of Mexican accountants tried to make life exciting for me by saying they were Cuban sales but once they got down to the negotiations, all pretensions vanished. The best event of the whole festival was available in the Pavillon of the South American. *Pavillon*. There were two film pattern made on the spot, from head-to-toe death by Eduardo Vays, an Argentinean who now lives in Ottawa. Since Vays and his son-in-law, Miguel Angel Gualta, with enormous good humor and enormous skill, were also cooking asaditas and chuchitos again in a small hot kitchen. Each tortilla was fried separately in a small pan and then turned out upside down so that it looked like a browned or glazed omelette in the shape of a circle. Each panicle was brushed with water to keep the filling from falling out and then pressed into a no-corn croissant. For a people used to instant Mashed and Slim Lax this was awe-inspiring.

#### 4. Shipwrecks And Serious Drinking: The English Biscuits

Of the three pavilions in this group, Sydney, Shannon and London, Sydney was the most fun. You could eat *Assos* biscuits, which are bigger than most dog biscuits and chewier by far. And watch Maori war dancing. I met a man from Auckland, six-foot-five and about as broad, wearing a grass skirt and war paint to cover his forehead. He put on a flamboyant show for the audience of Foster Lager drinkers (devotees of this beverage come from all nations) featuring fancy guitars, Maori war cries and against guitars, which, instead of level of exuberant enthusiasm, in which all R&B pavilions should agree.

After this, London, a pub like the Pig 'n' Whistle without the famous dancers, could only be a disappointment. Shannon was far more fun. People, as the director of our and Toronto where the Irish used to live when they were the newest immigrants. People went to Shannon for Irish coffee to fresh up the evening or maybe Irish whiskey to start it.

I'm not sure what other visitors to Carrievon learned from the festival (except that you can have a good time in 35 different corners without getting drunk in any). But I came away from it feeling that the festival is so successful because it is so immensely human and the racial differences serve to make the human elements more intense. The most noticeable signifier of the whole thing is the way the shared pleasures between Old Canadian audiences and New Canadian volunteers — which presumably is what any celebration of multiculturalism in this country should be all about. ■



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Bacardi, Bacardi goes anytime.

### BACARDI rum

**EAGLESON** from page 24  
gobbledygook. What the hell has  
he interrupted.  
"Am you calling what I have to say  
gobbledygook?" he demanded. "He said  
what you're saying, not fiddling with  
right him."

I was dumfounded and he was smiling  
and we stood glaring at one another.  
"Fiddling is worth more than that,"  
I said. We were still glaring when the  
elevator came and I walked into it.  
Six days later, in the farthest reaches  
of the eighth grade, the one that meant  
everything, precisely every human in  
Canada saw this other Eagleson. Until  
that single moment, as I've indicated, he  
had been Ralph Nader in a jockeys' life.  
Six years ago he had stood up to—hell,  
he'd trampled over—the nation's million-  
aires who'd been manipulating hockey  
players for generations. His cards in a  
game. Late in the summer  
of 1972 he'd smashed the lobbyists of  
red tape interest in Canada in Russia,  
solving, exposing, pursuing, hellbaiting,  
thrusting, pushing, confronting,  
winning, and finally bringing off, just this  
side of single-handedly, the impossible  
series—the capitalist press and the Communist  
ambassadors on the same ice field.

And then in that surprising moment  
his feet had stepped in deep night on the  
very arena in full view of 36 million  
Canadians (a mere 12 million had  
watched the first meet with the  
moon). When Canada scored the tying  
goal at 5-3 the red light blink of the Rus-  
sian set did not go. Eagleson leaped to  
his feet, screaming, and bawled  
down an aisle to ice level where he was  
strapped by Russian cops. The mil-  
lions of men, women, and children  
who'd been brought to the arena  
saw a wild man, a wild man of stick-  
wielding Canadian players in his rescue  
and he was escorted by them across the ice  
to the safety of their bench. Approaching  
it, face white, head bowed, he suddenly  
clunk himself five and turned to the  
Russian fans across the rink. He craned  
forward, he jerked his arm aloft, once,  
twice, a digit on his right hand raised.  
Then he clenched his fist and shook it at  
the crowd, once, twice, three times, his  
eyes behind the visor, his mouth, bare,  
smiling across his forehead, jaw working,  
a man enraged.

This was surely the moment when he  
flashed a word the Russian replied for  
him. The word was *schekolach* and,  
translated loosely, schekolach means  
sucker or hoar or simply a pain in the  
ass. John Robertson remembered it up in  
the Montreal Star. "I saw us as a bunch of  
barbarians being led by a man who  
qualifies as a willing diplomatic in-  
strument." Letters in the column in papers  
across the country echoed the sentiment.  
But wait.

There is a beautiful softball game on  
July 1, 1962, in the little Oranien town of  
Mettach up near Georgian Bay. Canada

is 100 years old this day and Eagleson,  
who had been the town's mercurial de-  
fender one summer during his under-  
graduate days in the 1950s, has been re-  
turned back to play in this laughter of a  
softball game. Also named are his 16-  
year-old son, Bobby Orr, of nearby  
Perry Sound, who has just completed his  
first NHL season, and Bobby Orr's brother,  
Doug, against whom Eagleson had often  
played that that summer when he'd been  
the recreational director. All right.  
Down 3-4 in the ninth, Bobby Orr is  
the tying run in third base. Eagleson is bat-  
ting. As the catcher ready to receive a  
ball so the pitcher, Orr breaks for the  
plate. The pitcher whips the ball to the  
catcher and Orr is clearly dead. But he  
bombs into the catcher, who drops the  
ball, and the game is tied. The first base  
runner, outfielder, reaches Orr and punches  
him from behind. Outraged, Eagleson  
drops his bat, tears off his glasses and  
hustles the first baseman to the ground. Now  
half a dozen opposing  
players rush Orr and Eagleson who,  
standing back to back, find away in  
though it's Russia giving the Rangers.  
Bobby's name Pat a spectator, waxes in  
too, but in her rush down a hill she falls  
and suffers a shoulder separation. That  
breaks up the fight, but Orr and Eagle-  
son agree it's been an end of a line.  
Centennial Day celebration.

The point of all this is that there is an  
aspect to Eagleson's makeup that made  
the arena in massive Moscow so differ-  
ent than the ball park in New York City.  
In fact I began to appreciate only after he  
had stood eyeball to eyeball beside the  
elevator. Because that facade of gen-  
tleness and gentlemanly and energy he  
is slowly even being pushed away and he  
is becoming to the point of audacity this  
side. Nancy says that if he beats her  
five straight sets in tennis, he wants to  
make a sex. He wants to beat every  
drummer in the highway every summer light  
on the island. One day last summer when  
a 16-year-old boy hit Eagleson's eight-  
year-old daughter Jill, at a tennis club  
he told the boy to get his father. The fa-  
ther arrived, angry words ensued and  
Eagleson's knuckled punched down. The  
boy, who was charged with common sen-  
sibility. Then he was advised the charge  
would be withdrawn if he went to ap-  
pointed in open court. Long lines could  
not be apologized in open court.

So here we have a persistent, competi-  
tive man, anybody who attacks him  
finds on a ball field who doesn't turn  
on the red light when his team scores,  
who, indeed, unleashes the Russian pro-  
prietor when his team is trailing. He's  
tripped through his friends and loved a  
nervous Of course he's a willing diplo-  
matic device, whoever charged him  
with being a diplomat? Of course he was  
a schekolach in Russia. He went there to  
win.

Russia is almost a year away by the  
summer of 1973 and there is a whole  
new development in professional  
hockey. Alan Eagleson emerges as a con-  
tender while the pressures are sig-  
nificant. Accordingly, he is the Mr. Seneca  
and Chuklenko we know from Canada-  
Russia. He sits in the captain's seat  
when nobody can irritate him or his  
friends the players he represents. The  
World Hockey Association has come on  
the scene, challenging the NHL's domi-  
nance. A great season develops in  
which Eagleson and his own and again  
his team did the most staffed of their  
clubs in the highest ladder. The owners  
are helpless. They are squeezed in a  
poor war. If they don't meet salary de-  
mands of a player whose contract has  
expired, the player joins in the other  
league. When young players graduate  
from junior marks their agents offer their  
services to both leagues. The highest  
bids are from Eagleson. He is able to



Eagleson's power is awesome.

command \$250,000 for junior graduate  
Rick Middleton of the Ontario Greenhorns  
in a three-year contract with the New  
York Rangers. Middleton, 30 years old  
on December 4, had never been to New  
York, and when he finally got there that  
day he was earning \$10,131.15 per year.  
If the Rangers hadn't come up with the  
money, Eagleson would have got it,  
very close to it, from the Minnesota  
Fighting Saints of the WHA. The Fight-  
ing Saints were very anxious to sign  
young Middleton.

Eagleson's power is awesome. He and  
his friend and client Mike Walton de-  
clared that Walton had had enough of  
Boston. The Bruins changed coaches  
midway through last season. Walton  
killed the coach, Tom Johnson. He  
didn't like the new coach. Big Coach's  
name is what Eagleson was. "A cer-  
tainly psychotic case." He knows  
Mike will get understanding from an old  
friend, Bob Pulford, coach of the Los  
Angeles Kings of the NHL. He knows  
he'll be welcomed by Harry Knave,

coach of the Minnesota Fighting Saints  
of the WHA. He got on the phone to  
Boston where mayor old friend, Harry  
Knave, coach of the Boston Bruins and  
a Bruin executive, is advised that Wal-  
ton is through with Boston now that his  
two-year contract has expired.

"If you want to keep Mike in the  
NHL," he says in the phone, "make a  
deal with Pulpy in L.A. If you don't, he's  
gone to the Fighting Saints."  
Now he got on the phone to Pulford  
in Los Angeles, along back in his chair,  
grinning at the man on the phone.  
"Pulpy, how are you? How's the  
weather out there? Is it hell, it's won-  
derful here. Pulpy, listen. I've talked to  
Boston and I've told them Mike's  
through there. He'll either play for me  
or he'll be down here. But we've got  
to come up with the money. Listen,  
if he can get 50 goals for Jack Kent  
Cook. Jack Kent Cook's going to  
come up with a hundred and a half,  
right? Okay, you and Larry work it out  
and we'll be there."

Listen, Pulford, a back. He and Larry  
Kagan, the general manager, have  
worked out to offer a three-year pack-  
age for Mike Walton—\$100,000 for the  
first year, \$115,000 for the second year,  
and \$125,000 for the third year. Also,  
there are incentive bonuses (percent-  
age) starting at 20 goals. For every five  
goals Walton scores above 28 each ses-  
son, he receives another \$5,000.

Eagleson hangs up and says into  
space. "Well, now that I've got him  
signed at L.A.," he crows, "all I've got to  
do is get him to L.A."

But he doesn't get him to L.A. Rega-  
ny and Staden are unable to work out a  
deal. It's the day after the 1972-73 ses-  
son. He flies to St. Paul for a press conference  
at which the Minnesota Fighting Saints  
announce they've signed Mike Walton  
in a three-year contract for \$448,000.  
It's a record \$448,000. Eagleson says  
on his return to Toronto. "Amazingly, if I  
have \$400,000 but there are alternatives  
that could bring it to, let's say, \$300,000.  
He looks into smiles. — "About half of  
an offer. Dallas."

Eagleson had been managed to bring a  
\$240,000 net offer from Los Angeles to  
\$405,000 at Minnesota.

"Ah, hell," he grins competitively,  
"when it became apparent that Boston  
and L.A. weren't getting to him, I just  
overruled the pot a little at Minnesota.  
They were glad to get Mike."  
Everybody laughed when the Toronto  
Maple Leafs played hockey last winter.  
To be charitable, they were busy. But  
one of their stars, a star in the NHL, was  
sore, sore, sore, sore. He was 22, named  
Darryl Glen Sader out of Kitchener,  
Ontario, an first, 70 pounds who, after  
two unimpressive seasons with the  
Leafs, scored 29 goals last year. Some  
people these days score that many by

continued on page 92

Christmas, but don't forget that was Toronto last year.

Just about the time that Bisset's contract was being up for renewal last spring, Johnny Bassett told me, unconnected, 34, was an old officer at Toronto television station CFMT, where he is a vice-president, and came up with this idea for the Ontario Veterans of the WHA. When a newspaper, he founded up a dinner friends who, like Bassett, have legal access to money, and, more curious, to do course they required the National, changed the name to the Toronto Toronto and set about the business of turning people away from the ticket outlets at Maple Leaf Gardens. The way to do it, Bassett and friends concluded, was to let the Maple Leafs who sit in front row seats to the game, at least five out of last year's three, the Maple Leafs recognized they must go to the moon, if need be, to retain him.

And so the hanging began. Well along in it, Eagleston and his wife, Nancy, and Bisset and his wife, Wendy, are dinner guests of Johnny and Sue Bassett in the Bassetts' big and expensive home in a big and expensive neighborhood in the northeast suburbs of Toronto where three of Bassett's partners and their wives are unconnected, too. It is very congested. Everybody laughs a lot.

"Well," beams Johnny Bassett, at length, "let's get down to the nitty-gritty. Darryl. Well, what it is to sign you."

"Pick the boys," says the day-long session, indicating Eagleston, who has not had to rehearse his speech.

"Five years," he says. "A million dollars."

Nobody down a drink.

"Okay," says Bassett.

Lovey breaks out. People clink glasses, grin.

"These are a few other things," Eagleston beams.

"Legal stuff," chuckles Bassett.

"Like legal fees," says Eagleston.

"Frank," says Bassett. "Legal fees."

"Plus a shopping credit at Eaton's for Darryl and Wendy at a minimum of, uh, let's say \$2000," John C. Eaton, one of the Bassetts, in a business voice.

"And a shopping credit for Darryl and Wendy at McDonald's hamburgers," George Colton, president of McDonald's Restaurants of Canada, in a Bassett posture.

"All," Bassett chuckles, "I'd love to read that to the contract just to see the look on George Colton's face."

"And a couple of watches for Darryl and Wendy at Payless's," Irving Glick, president of Toronto Credit Jewellers, in a Bassett pose.

"So we've got a deal," says Bassett.

Now the next step means something: suggests Eagleston recalls that he told Bassett he'd like to get on good with his Gregory, Keith general manager. Bas-

sett recalls that Eagleston picked up the telephone right then and dialed an apartment with Gregory.

"As far as I'm concerned," Bassett declared several days later when the papers suddenly announced that Darryl Bisset had signed a five-year contract with the Maple Leafs for \$750,000, "we had a deal. All that talk about hamburgers and watches and credit at Eaton's was a bunch of nonsense. A lot of kid stuff after we'd made a deal. It's my conviction that either Eagleston behaved as if he had changed his mind or that Bassett was acting differently. He says he was exactly in earnest in discussing the fringe benefits. And he says he'd call Gregory the next day and told him to get his people together and figure out the next best thing to do. The deal would offer That deal, he says, was one for \$750,000 for five years.

"I told Darryl to go home and think about the two offers to talk them over."



Eagleston keeps the deal at a party.

sett with his wife, and then to let me know. Eagleston recalls: "He told me, finally, that he and Wendy had decided the extra money from the Terms wouldn't mean that much happiness to them, that it'd be cut by taxes anyway, and that he'd had three happy years with the Leafs and wanted to stay with them. When he told me this. Last year I made \$30,000 and I was happy. If I was happy at \$30,000 I've got to be happier at five times that." So what the hell, it was up to him."

After Eagleston made his deal, he says, "I'm not a thought that gets me into a bottle that once or twice a year. It'll be strong in a hotel room or maybe sitting out on a three- or four-hour plane trip," he says. "And suddenly there it is."

At such times, he writes long and affectionate letters to his parents, his wife, and his friend Bobby Orr. A man who has great difficulty expressing affection verbally, he likes to set sentiment to paper. He carries a lot of insurance,

keeps his involved financial affairs scrupulously in order. His income reaches \$100,000 or more a year, he lives well, though not high, and (though various assessments, one as biased as the next, reach millionaires' status — if he lives he is always the loneliest man at a party, quiet, somewhat, invisible in the company, often apologetically though he is not a drinker. Old-line Conservatives deplore these status regard him as a clown.

He can't, or won't, discuss the source of his apprehension but apparently he does not like to live day to day, reaching for no starfish, having no specific goal. He works many jobs and all of them fit, he won't look ahead to choose one of them.

For instance, several NHL promises have told him privately that if he is to win, he must succeed Clarence Campbell one day as NHL president but he finds the idea too remote from his present position to consider.

Also, one of his law partners, Irwin Poterluck, says he has a brilliant legal mind, that he could become an outstanding criminal lawyer, but Eagleston doesn't think about that anymore.

Also, as executive director of the NHL players' association, he works a very big week, but although he's talked for two years of resigning he doesn't know when, or if, that day will come.

Also one of his close friends, Andrew Hareless, former executive director of the Ontario P.C.s, says that the P.C. association president (Eagleston is the second most powerful man in the party (second to Premier Bill Davis) and that he could easily become party leader if Davis went to move into the federal field (Bisset's party dined on this, a man high in the Davis office, requesting what he calls "an audition," says the association has no real power, that Eagleston likes people to think he has Davis's hat, that he and Wendy had decided the extra money from the Terms wouldn't mean that much happiness to them, that it'd be cut by taxes anyway, and that he'd had three happy years with the Leafs and wanted to stay with them. When he told me this. Last year I made \$30,000 and I was happy. If I was happy at \$30,000 I've got to be happier at five times that." So what the hell, it was up to him."

One afternoon in his sitting in Toronto office, if I listen above the blaring Ray Street traffic he explains on the subject of his many hats. "I like the variety," he says. "I would give up everything and make \$50,000 a year just looking after Bobby's business. But I like what I'm doing now. I like one day at a time, and then off on weekends with me Darryl playing tennis or boating, sitting in the sun."

The phone rings — it always rings — and he's off again, greeting and answering, a man moving up, God knows where. ■

child and they may say nothing at all or they may in some sense speak of mercy killing. But ask the cousins of Jean Vanier and his associates at L'Arche and they will answer: first there is the greatest degree possible just like anybody else.

For having the courage to face this simple answer to the lost Jean Vanier deserves much credit. Jean Vanier is an extraordinary and compelling individual. He stands six feet four inches tall and possesses the elegant proportion and graceful physique of a saint painted by St. Giotto, and further, he possesses an extraordinarily beautiful voice and a magnificent spoken verbal style in both French and English. It is easy for both poets and public to spontaneously glorify and celebrate Vanier's cause, thus easily buying their way around confrontation with the central character of the man's preoccupations. Vanier's thoughts and acts should seek to make us see about those whom he calls "wounded brothers and sisters" wounded perhaps in the intelligence, or in the body, or in the brain.

L'Arche's concrete demonstration of an approach to confronting the lives of some of these wounded.

Vanier and his associates suggest that given appropriate social, medical and physical support at least half of L'Arche's current handicapped population could be cared for in a home setting, and all but a tiny group whose grave physical and mental disabilities could be provided for in group residential settings, upon grounds where their home communities.

By way of official endorsement, L'Arche's major financial support comes from the French government, and L'Arche's handicapped are referred there by mental hospitals glad to divest themselves of patients they have long despised of helping, and from the courts who regard L'Arche as a good recipient of their mentally disabled wards and by families who for various reasons are unable to cope with a growing, mentally handicapped person.

The Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded strongly endorses the L'Arche approach. Dr. David Wolf, emergency consultant to the National Institute on Mental Retardation, says of L'Arche that he found "an atmosphere in which people who might otherwise present major problems to our society lived together in tolerance, love and charity toward each other."

In March, 1973, the Ontario Provincial Secretary for Social Development, Robert Weir, issued a white paper outlining an approach to "become very strong for the mentally retarded in Ontario." Last June Vanier personally received an award from Franco's production on page 30

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foreseeable future. Christmas this year, more than any in the past, will be a tool of the fundamentalists, wholesalers and retailers (after all, they started preparing for it way back last spring) and the churches inevitably will play into their hands by creating the proper mood, the background Muzak, for more and more frantic buying.

Every major scene that a church constructs, every crowd group that it stands out singing in the choir, every Christmas tree, party it organizes done over to brighten Christmas shopping then it does to commemorate the birth of Christ. What the church is in fact doing is leading religious nation to North America's recent celebration of material excess.

The commercial take-over of Christmas has gone much too far to ever be reversed. So, instead of waiting time trying to get Christ back into Christmas, the church should admit defeat and work to get Christ out of Christmas altogether.

If you are a devout churchgoer and consider the idea absolute heresy, consider some facts. No one knows when Christ was born so the odds are 50-50 that it was not on December 25. What we now celebrate is Christmas actually began as a pagan holiday celebrating the end of the short, dark days of winter and the beginning of longer, brighter days. Early Christians pretended to celebrate the festival but in time managed to sneak in those clean and a tiger for the Lord. Eventually, the myth evolved that Christmas marked the date of Christ's birth. But now, in North America, Christmas has been rechristened by pagan and commercial forces to such an extent that it is difficult to find any essence or justification for including Christ's name, even in a token way.

Consider, too, that the historically controversial Christmas is a North American phenomenon. In Europe, Christmas is still a relatively quiet season of family togetherness.

Unless Christ can be extricated from the modern North American Christmas ritual and diversity, the entire Christmas faith is bound to suffer. My recommendation is that we should try to rescue Jesus from Christmas by celebrating the Epiphany, making Epiphany, not Christmas, the major Christian festival of the year. And we can only hope that we will have more success lighting off the connotations of the Epiphany than we have had lighting off the connotations of Santa Claus.

FILMS / JOHN HOPSESS

## A lesson for Canada by way of Chile

Why is it, I wondered repeatedly during *Year Of Steve*, that no Canadian has ever created a film as powerful and important as that?

*Year Of Steve* is not a costly film though it is striking in appearance. It was shot in Chile, by French director Costa-Gavras (who made the Oscar-winning *Z* and *The Confession*) and depicts the kidnapping and killing by revolutionary terrorists (the renowned Philip Michael London portrayed by Yves Montand, and based closely on the character of Anastasia And for International Development official Das A. Mitroon, who was killed in Uruguay in August, 1991).

The screenplay—based on actual documents and original research—was coauthored by Costa-Gavras and Pierre Salinas, who wrote *The Battle Of Algiers*. Salinas is a prominent and generous Jewish Canadian; Costa-Gavras is of no allegiance except that he opposes tyranny in any form, left or right. The film is a rare combination of probing political analysis and unrelenting honesty, cast in the form of a docu-drama thriller. Here is a film with all the time-honored virtues of *Day Of The Auklet*, albeit with penetrating insights into the present (and probable future) world we currently inhabit. It is impossible, I should think, not to be deeply moved

by this film. It is not a piece of left-wing rhetoric, unconvincingly as so many so-called "political films" are, it has an admirable knowledge of the ethical subtleties, its ideas and behavior, of those who oppress and those who resist. The terrorists are not thugs, the ones they reluctantly murder is an uncompromisingly principled as they are. *Year Of Steve* is not important simply because its subject is timely. There is a mastery of craftsmanship, the knack of telling a good story, that make it a model of its type. For while it conveys a fair amount of technical information and raises moral and political questions that are vital (as opposed to the pseudo-sensationalism of *Mr. Fox*), it never forgets its duty as a mass-audience film to hold one's attention and entertain.

*Year Of Steve* is the best film I've seen in years. It enlightens—a feeling you may have forgotten movies could provide. In the absence of any Canadian film of comparable quality dealing with the PLO crisis in 1970, I recommend *Year Of Steve* as a film that helps one understand political life in Canada better than any other film has been able to do.

*Psychoanalyst's Memo*: "That was one helluva career" is the response one is supposed to have to this bearded, earnest, intelligent, brilliant, serious, story of the Canadian new wave, filmed in Delfino, Switzerland. It was produced by John F. Boscini (*Free-Off*) and James Moriglia, and directed by Peter Pearson, who five years ago, at the age of 36, created the award-winning *Samurai*. From Doreen Fidler: *From Celebration To Kebab*. *Psychoanalyst's Memo* is laugh-out-loud and gassy (for that I request it) but it is strongly unconvincing for a tragedy. Rick "Marshall" Delton (pre-



Tom Marston in a shot of *Delton*



Taking Christ out of Christmas altogether



a kitchen gadget for toasting hot dogs called a *Wessex Popper*. Most of the guests have something to tell and little to say, even Juliette cannot conceal her anger and indignation with some of her more particular friends like this hard, laughing and quipping, but her one-liners fall flat against the visual store of Bill Lawrence, one of her co-stars (who rose to fame in *Hudson* as the son of Tony Taylor Turner), and the three men around her. She looks desperately for a cue card, her eyes flash "What am I doing here?"

Juliette, a man's woman and a big-time stage singer, does not believe in a daytime ladies' talk show. Making her a prime donna doesn't help. Juliette is overwhelming. Her sparkling gowns sparkle with sequins and jewels while her friends, dressed in plain street clothes, fade into insignificance. Her face follows the camera like a snowflake, looking up its light, her forehead, upward, at its bar shadow. She is not really interested in what her guests have to say, she breathes there needs to be a soap or turns the conversation quickly to herself, to a star shield. (Her last show was her 25th wedding anniversary party starring husband Tony and her Mimi, a selection of family snapshots and remembrances, mostly her personal and sensitive) Juliette is absolutely grab, severe, justice, hosting the show, looming attention on herself, putting down others by putting them on the knee and calling them "dear." Juliette is right to polish her image, to retain tradition and power, but she makes her familiar, but there is a point at which the image turns to stone. Juliette and friends turn her into a British museum piece trapped in dead man's room. Juliette, twisted and twisted. Aggressive. ("Good old Canada," Julia beams at a young singer, putting her knee, "we always keep it cool and clean").

Juliette's thoughts — her voice, her wonderful smile, her personality are so distinctive she can afford to let loose a little with a new hairstyle, some new clothes and a lot of new words and still be herself. Give her a big variety show, something glamorous like the *Law Tyson Show* with a white piano. Let her sing her stuff. Maybe it's too late. But to leave Juliette with her friends is to tell her

#### THIS MONTH'S TV SHOWS

Watch *The Law Tyson Show* (CTV — Thursday, 7 p.m.)  
Watch *West West* (CBC — Dec. 12, 10 p.m.) Start of NFB series on western Canada.

#### BOOKS / SHEILA EGOFF

## Resisting the lure of the Bobbsey Twins

Call this a Christmas appeal, or a challenge if you will, to all the parents, aunts, brothers, uncles, aunts and grandparents of Canada. You are the people who buy books for your young relatives at Christmas time. Are you, I wonder, during and afterwards enough this year to buy a Canadian children's book?

It won't be easy. You will have to look hard at the rows and rows of commercial mass books (the *Bobbsey Twins* and the *Hurdy Boys*), the miscellany of pseudo Dr. Seuss picture books, and the huge push bag of cheap classics and modern books for children, mostly from the United States, that inhabit the shelves of most bookstores and department stores in the country. Over past three Christmases, you may still have trouble finding the book you are seeking. Most stores don't have much of a stock of Canadian children's books. You may have to place a special order for the particular title you want. Then the chances are that it won't arrive in time for Christmas. However, if it comes in February you can keep it for just Christmas, and have 10 weeks of feeling sorry about your state of preparedness.

Next warning: If you are looking for a Canadian book for children you are still being read to, or just beginning to begin reading for themselves, you won't find many. This is not the store's fault: there aren't many. However, there are some excellent ones if you have the patience to look for them. *Dragonair Son* (Macmillan, \$4.95) by Lorna MacLaughlin, illustrated in black and white by Randy Lewis, is a marvelously humorous and moving "tall tale" from New Brunswick that should transcend our pervasive regionalism. In "Living color" are two Indian legends retold by William Tarte and illustrated by Elizabeth Chace, a Canadian artist of international reputation. These are *How Summer Came To Canada* (Oxford University Press, \$4.95) and *The Journeyman Ghost Of Tootalana* (Oxford, \$4.95). The first one is a bewil-

ful Maquis satire myth and the second is a rather awesome West Coast Tsimshian tale. Gorgeous illustration and design will be your first thought in seeing *July Go Round The Sun* (McClelland and Stewart, \$6.95; with record \$8.95) but these 300 songs, rhymes and poems compiled by the famous folklorist, Edith Fowke, will put you, lots of poems from the children — if you get over your nostalgia enough to give the book to them.

If the child you are buying for is "middle-aged" — about nine to 11 — and thus, frankly, you are in luck. There are several which are notably effective. These are *Booth Nichols's A Walk Out Of The World* (Longman, \$4.95) and *The Marrow Of The World* (Macmillan, \$5.95) and *Christie Hazen's Secret In The Stolenhouse Hall* (McClelland and Stewart, \$5.10). They are nothing like *Tolliver* but Canada isn't *Giant Ants* either.

Or how about giving a Canadian child a Canadian classic. We have some, a number of which are, believe it or not, internationally recognized. First of all, there is *Ernest Thompson Seton's Two Little Savanahs* (Dover, paperback \$2.95). Only about two years ago the Aladdin Publishing Company in Prague printed 50,000 copies. A Canadian publisher can hardly sell 3,000 copies of a Canadian children's book. Then there is *Grey Owl's The Adventures Of Solo And Her Beaver People* (Macmillan, \$3.95). Redneck Hug Brown's *Garback Valley Winter* (Collins, \$2.95), *Bertram and Harpenny's The Golden Phoenix* (Oxford, \$6.95) — a marvelous collection of French-Canadian folktales. And, wonderful ones, all of *Perley Morva's* children's books have just been put into paperback by McMil-



Beaver from drawings in *Garback Valley Winter*

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kind and Stewart at prices ranging from \$1.95 to \$2.95.

Most of these books have been around for some time. The 1973 book I enjoyed the most is my least favorite subject: hockey. R. J. Chisholm's *Hockey Fever in Quebec Falls* (Macmillan, \$5.95) unfrosts even me. Perhaps because I remembered one of the slow dead days when kids played the game all by themselves.

All the books mentioned so far are by major Canadian publishers. Some of the newer, smaller publishers are also providing a much-needed lifeline for children's books, notably Tundra Books with two award-winning books in its credit: *Story Of Myle 18* (\$3.95) by Anne Bladen for the play-aways age and *Shilpa's Tinkerbells At A Child In Prison Camp* (\$7.95), for all ages. Tundra is probably in contention for another award with *A Prairie Boy's Winter* (B&N), a beautiful hardcover meditation by William Kurelek, with 38 paintings by the author. All the original paintings sold out the first day they were put on display in Montreal's J. J. Doyle Ltd. of Vancouver has reprinted a 1917 book of Indian legends by Margaret Kenderick, *Twenty Indian Legends Of Canada* (\$7.95, paperback \$3.50).

One final instruction: Be sure to see any book before you give it away. If the book isn't good enough for you, it isn't good enough for children. They are young, not retarded.

BOOKS / PETER SWANN

## Decorating the coffee table for Christmas

So, it's almost Christmas again and we're faced with that old question: "What on earth can we give so-and-so?" Caring Canadian publishers — good Scottish ones like McClelland, Stewart, Macmillan, and Douglas — have anticipated our dilemma. This year, we have a splendid crop of art books, enough to bow the legs of even the sturdiest coffee table.

The trick, of course, is to find the game — not just the glossy product that sparkles on the table for a month but the permanent source of pleasure and knowledge.

Without hesitation, I can recommend

Peter Swann as the journey director at the Royal Ontario Museum.

that *The Furniture Of Old Ontario* by Philip Shuckleton (Macmillan) has everything. Even at \$20 it's excellent value. I like this kind of book — an honest, frantically work of 384 pages and so less than 400 illustrations. In a book, superlatives are right. Shuckleton traces the origins, influences and economic background of a wide range of furniture from chairs to clocks and it's all done with warmth and affection for our heritage.

And I would like to Tim Lorne Mook under the martini — or anywhere else for that matter — for the Christmas offering from the Skills Department of the National Film Board. She and her team provide distinction and quality. This is by no means the first of such books but one of the best. It is not difficult to stroll to the graduation of this country. Let us only hope for people big enough to match the land. Canada was precisely commissioned in a limited edition as a gift for the Queen and Commonwealth leaders in memory of the 1973 Conference. Now reissued at \$17.95 (hardcover), it isn't a penalty for Scepter. It goes up to \$19.95 elsewhere.

The dealer *O Toronto* by William Kurelek (new press, \$30) arrives as from efforts to bring comfort to the only heretofore — a scene of terror, mystery — the personal war of the embattled and the revolutionary. He looks us into the 20th century. Twenty-one reproductions of works by the prime painter (called Toronto) with an introduction by James Hickey, reveal a guide, sometimes tortured soul. Toronto is many things but hardly a beautiful city and Kurelek reveals its dehumanization. His work concerns a refusal with a religious humanity both gentle and powerful, trapped and disturbing. One complaint, though new press could have been a little more ambitious to the size of its illustrations.

After I by that book's end-point artist, Jack Shuckleton (McClelland and Stewart, \$12.95), a collection of poems and drawings, is a most personal collection of some and sensibility. A *Saturday Night Scrapbook* (new press, \$12.50) is further old-fashioned format, reproduces *Saturday Night* ads and articles from 1937-1971 — a nostalgic source book of Canadian dreams and desires.

Not all the publishing is being done in Toronto. Tim Douglas is very much alive and well and producing in Vancouver: His Christmas reminder is *Tim Smith's Vancouver Island* (J. J. Douglas, \$17.95) a pictorial record

and natural history book of Vancouver Island, well illustrated, hand-drawn photographs and written with a clarity of style and knowledge simplicity which is a model of its kind. It should appeal to all ages. And did you not tell me that you were going to return there . . . someday?

Speaking of natural things, H. Allen Blochman has produced perhaps the most beautiful Christmas volume, *To Ride The Wind* (Harcourt Enterprises, \$29.95 before heavy 1st edition \$35), a book with 30 large reproductions of his superb paintings of Delta Marsh, Manitoba, and the wildlife which thrives through the seasons. As for Peter Scott very in his foreword, "This book will capture a wide audience because Al Blochman adds to his skills as an artist and a scientist those of a great story teller." The story is a familiar tale: one where the world population of caribou (moose) was once numbered in millions, it is now only about 200,000, mostly males. The author/art is a fine storyteller in the best tradition of Canadian naturalists — jagged, evocative, dramatic.

Finally two important books. *Paths*, by German Lefebvre (McClelland and Stewart, \$18.95) tells somewhat emotionally the story of the great Canadian painter, Alfred Pellan — from the innocent enchantment of Paris, the influence of the impressionists, and Picasso, from his successes in Paris to his last rejection at home, and his final victory over the forces of artistic reaction. Pellan brought the battle against the establishment for all modern Canadian artists — how amazing it was to read!

*The Chinese History Of Canada* published by Dennis Reid (Oxford University Press, \$9.95 cloth, \$6.95 paperback) is in the best tradition of this press' reference works — 170 illustrations, small format but readable, clearly and well written.



This year, coffee table art is a must.

# Notice anything different?



A new decanter bottle . . . looks great doesn't it?

A new label . . . textured, with the feel of real leather. Just a small indication of the sort of quality we put into Premium.

Notice the words, SPECIAL MILD . . . they tell a lot about what's inside.

Premium Canadian Rye Whisky . . . the only Canadian Rye that's made from all rye grain. And Dutch Distilled in the old fashioned way to give you the smoothest taste you can get in a whisky.

ALBERTA PREMIUM



## The Midnight Brunch.

Some of us would rather spend the morning sleeping than eating. So why not have brunch at midnight? We tried it at the end of a recent happy evening and discovered there's something deliciously crazy about having breakfast before bed.

If you're the kind of person who never gets hungry in the morning, you might like to try a Midnight Brunch. Bloody Marys and all.



To make a Bloody Mary, shake with ice 1½ oz. Smirnoff, 3 oz. tomato juice, ½ tsp. lemon juice, Worcestershire, salt and pepper.

**Smirnoff**  
leaves you breathless.